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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE™

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The Doctor Who Magazine
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This issue...

"Blimey, Alan, I can't decide what to give *Dimensions in Time* in this Readers' Survey. As *Doctor Who* it is, of course, rubbish, so I'd give it a '1'. Then again, as a comic sketch it's pretty good, so I should give it a '9'. I told you we shouldn't have put it on the form!"

"Oh Lordy, we've been over this before, Gary. *Dimensions in Time* was the last proper BBC-produced *Doctor Who* serial. Its two self-contained episodes have opening and closing titles and everything. Like it or lump it, it's just as much *Doctor Who* as *The Feast of Steven* episode of *The Daleks' Master Plan*, so you'll just have to rate it as such, alright?"

"Hmmm . . . I'd argue about closing titles, but nonetheless, surely *intent* is the important thing. Was *Dimensions* actually intended to be a proper *Doctor Who* story? By that token would you also claim it's a kosher episode of *EastEnders*? Surely the producer considered it to be in the same vein as *A Fix with Sontarans* on *Jim'll Fix It*? That's what John Nathan-Turner has said."

"Pshaw. You're allowing metatextual awareness of the circumstances of its production to obscure the narrative presented on screen. In *Dimensions*, the Doctor regresses through past lives when the Rani does something peculiar involving time to an area of East London. That's it. If Noel Edmonds turned up at the end and gave a supporting character a Gotcha like J Savile presents a badge at the end of *A Fix With . . .*, you'd have a point. But he doesn't, so there. Besides, it's *fantastic*!"

"Pish and tush. Don't bandy your Media Studies jargon round here, you know from that article about villains you did that the readers hate it. Now, surely the fiction-busting 'Big Ron v Mandy' vote breaks the same boundary as Sir Jimmy popping up on the screen in the Sontaran malarkey. And again, to pretend it's just 'an area of East London' denies the very purpose of the sketch in the first place. It was using the 'reality' of *EastEnders* to send up *Doctor Who*. Besides, it's not funny, it's not clever and has those incredibly tasteless disembodied heads."

"Balderdash. The cliffhanger's no more 'fiction-busting' than the *Seeds of Death* one which gets re-edited between episodes. Besides, it's got that gorgeous scene between Lalla and the Mitchells, the spooky 'Arfur Fowler to die' prediction and 'Pickled in time!' You just want to write it out of history because you don't *like* it."

"Cheap shot! I loathe *Silver Nemesis* but I can't pretend it didn't happen. Then, perhaps that's the point. Maybe the best reason to include *Dimensions* is because it makes life more fun to do so. OK, I'll give you that one. Now what about *K9 and Company* . . ?"

Gary Alan

Editors **Gary Gillatt**
Alan Barnes
Design **Peri Godbold**

Thanks to **John Ainsworth, Richard Bignell, Michael E Briant, Stephen Cole, Richard Develyn, Dennis Greenaway, David J Howe, Adrian Rigelsford, Gary Russell, Jan Vincent-Rudzki, Martin Wiggins, Stephen Wyatt, BBC Books, BBC Video, Virgin Books.**

For details of current subscription rates, see page 43

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"Monsters are the very heart and soul of *Doctor Who*"

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Gallifrey Guardian

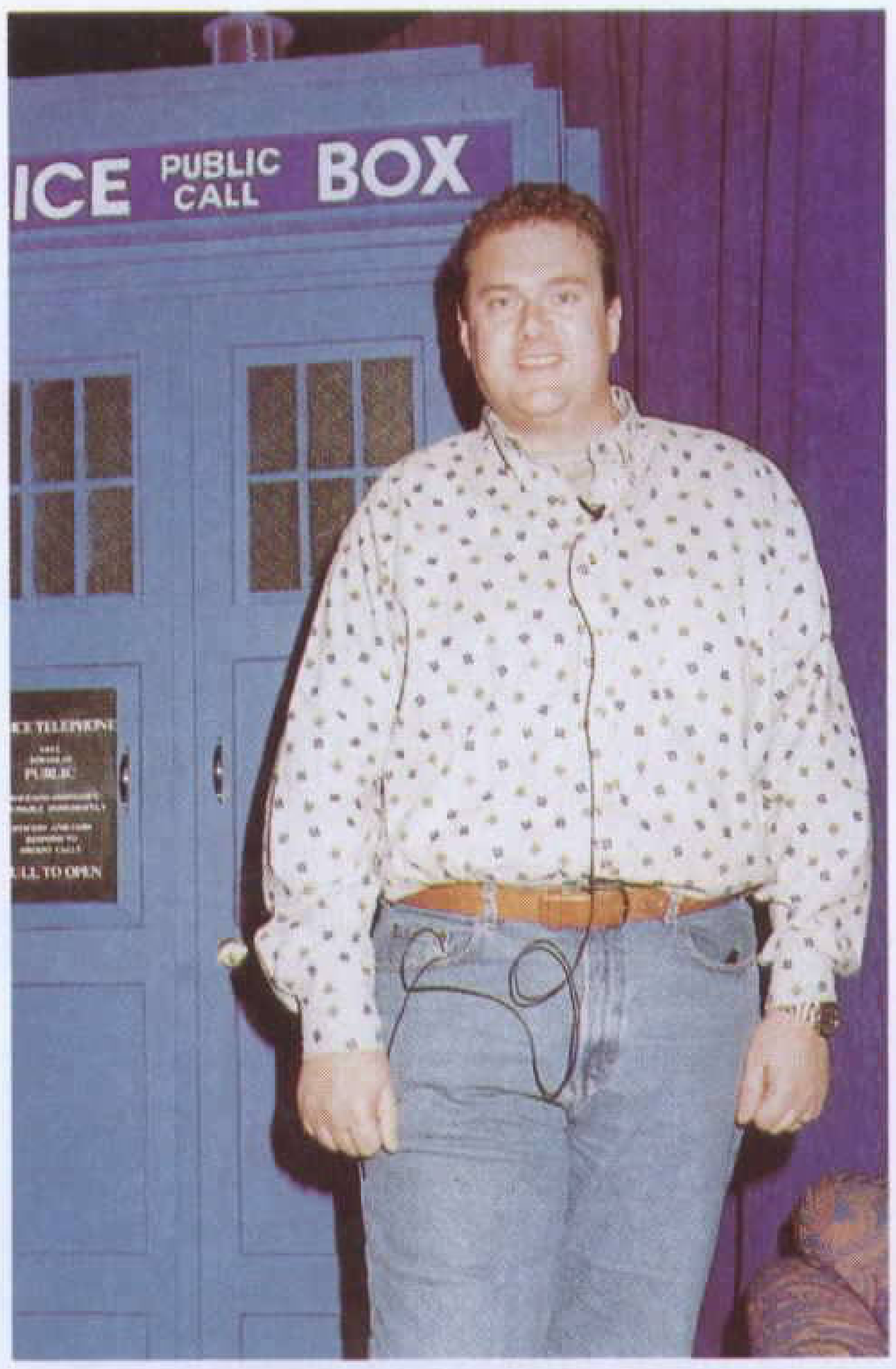
Producer of Paul McGann TV Movie discusses new project with Worldwide

Philip Segal moves toward securing *Who* movie rights

Philip Segal, the co-executive producer of the 1996 *Doctor Who* TV Movie starring Paul McGann, met with BBC Worldwide executives in London early in February. It is understood that the possibility of a theatrically-released *Doctor Who* feature film was one of the subjects under discussion.

Back in December 1996, Segal told **DWM** that, following the expiry of American studio Universal's option to co-produce future *Doctor Who* at the end of 1997, all rights in *Doctor Who* would revert back to Worldwide. "The field is then open for anyone to negotiate . . . I remain a great believer in *Doctor Who*," he told us, hinting that he would be interested in the possibility of producing a theatrically-released *Doctor Who* motion picture sometime in the future: "Let's just say I'm waiting in the wings . . . I do firmly believe that *Doctor Who*'s day is yet to come."

Although neither Segal nor BBC Worldwide have issued any kind of statement following their talks, it is clear that the producer's enthusiasm for *Doctor Who* is undiminished. **DWM** hopes to speak to Philip in the near future – and will continue to follow developments in this intriguing story.



Underwater Menace 3 added to special anniversary video

Professor Zaroff's Fish People will be joining forces with Varga's Martians when the only surviving instalment of *The Underwater Menace* – Episode 3 – is released as part of this autumn's much-anticipated *Ice Warriors* double video pack.

Set in the sub-aqua state of Atlantis, this 1967 four-parter was writer Geoffrey Orme's sole contribution to the series. Featuring the Second Doctor, Ben, Polly and Jamie, *The Underwater Menace* Episode 3 is chiefly notorious for actor Joseph Furst's Germanic enunciation of its closing line, "Nothing in the world can stop me now!" Its historical value is underlined by the fact that it is the earliest Patrick Troughton episode to exist in the BBC Archives.

The remainder of the set, released this October, will contain the four extant episodes of *The Ice Warriors* (One, Four, Five and Six) digitally remastered from the original prints, which have been largely unseen since they were unearthed deep inside Villiers House, a BBC Enterprises property, in 1988. A specially-shot linking section comprising telesnaps, audio, graphics and narration will fill in the two missing instalments. The package will also feature a short documentary which will delve into the mass junkings of sixties *Doctor Who*, illustrated with rare clips from otherwise lost Hartnell and Troughton serials.

Win trips!

Voiced by Sophie Aldred and Nicholas Courtney, the spoken word version of the *Short Trips* anthology has just been released on cassette – and, thanks to BBC Worldwide, we've got a decalog of tapes to give away to ten lucky readers!

DOCTOR WHO
SHORT TRIPS
A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES

As you'll discover in our review of the paperbound version on page 44, the collection includes a story in which the Eighth Doctor plays with his very own train set. To enter, we'd like you to name the TV story in which the Doctor narrowly avoids being squashed by a speeding locomotive . . .

Scrawl your answer, together with your name and address, on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked PARDON ME BOYS, IS THAT THE CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO? and send it to the editorial address on page 13 by 7 May. Multiple entries will be disqualified.

Benny to go bi-monthly

The series of books showcasing the further adventures of Bernice Summerfield, companion to the Seventh Doctor in Virgin's popular *New Adventures* novels, are to be cut in frequency. From this summer, novels will be released at the rate of only one every two months.

Citing the notion that issuing Benny books once a month had been "overdoing it a bit", former series editor Rebecca Levene tells us that from August's *Another Girl, Another Planet* on, the New Adventures jacket design is to be revamped to make the books appear more like mainstream SF novels, partly in a bid to attract greater American interest.

Another Girl . . . will be written by The Menagerie's Martin Day alongside established SF author Stephen Bowkett. October's novel, *Beige Planet Mars*, is co-authored by popular *Doctor Who* author Lance Parkin and newcomer Mark Clapham.

McCoy's 'Professor' to star in unlicensed audio dramas

Seventh Doctor Sylvester McCoy and on-screen companion Sophie Aldred are to star as 'The Professor' and his young female sidekick in a pair of soon-to-be-released audio plays from the BBV stable.

Produced by Bill Baggs – who, long before embarking upon his 'Stranger' and PROBE series of spin-off video dramas, supervised many of the well-remembered Audio Visuals *Doctor Who*-derived amateur audios – the two plays, *Lords of the Silence* and *Republica*, were recorded late in February, and both come from the pen of writer Andrew Whitelock. The former is set in Greenland during World War 2, whereas the latter concerns a parallel universe England of 1998 changed by the establishment of a Cromwellian state some three centuries before.

Both tales of the mysterious Professor are slated for release in April – look out for BBV advertisements for details.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television *Warriors' Gate/Terminus* scripter **Stephen Gallagher** is both writer and director of the three-part ITV thriller *Oktober* which commences on 2 April. The **Mark Strickson**-directed wildlife programme *The Ten Deadliest Snakes in the World* was shown by ITV on 25 February. **Daphne Ashbrook** found herself involved in another time travel tale when she played Deb, fiancée to a 20th century computer games designer who becomes romantically linked with a 19th century poet in the TV movie *Love Letter*, which was shown on the CBS network on 1 February.

Film **Maureen O'Brien** can be seen as submissive wife Mrs Lawrence opposite screen husband **Tom Georgeson** (*Genesis of the Daleks/Logopolis*) in the David Leland film *Land Girls*, due for UK release shortly. **Paul McGann** wrote about his two current movie releases, *Downtime* and *Fairy Tale: A True Story* in the 12 February edition of the *Evening Standard*'s *Hot Tickets Magazine*. Of the former, he wrote: "As soon as I read the script for *Downtime* I thought, 'I've got to do this'". Of the latter, he claimed: "I almost came to believe in fairies myself!"

Stage Treading the boards is what all the best *Who* thesps are up to at the moment. **Colin Baker** plays all eight of the D'Ascoynes in a tour of *Kind Hearts and Coronets* which commenced at the Mercury Theatre, Colchester on 2 March and continues there until the 21st (box office 01206 573498). Thereafter it plays at: the Devonshire Park, Eastbourne from 23 March (01323 412000); the Alexandra, Birmingham from 30 March (0121 643 1231); the Festival, Chichester from 6 April (01243 781312); the Swan, High Wycombe from 13 April (01494 512000); Theatre Royal, Lincoln from 20 April (01522 525555); and the Lyceum, Sheffield from 27 April (01142 769922). **Sylvester McCoy** is to play Puck in a special one-off performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Barbican Hall on 31 March along with the City of London Symphonia. Tickets on 0171 638 8891. **Paul McGann** is at the Bush Theatre, London as Carl Jung in the world premiere of Snoo Wilson's play *Sabina* until 14 March. **Frazer Hines** is Inspector Lord in *The Spider's Web*, which opened in Lowestoft in late February and plays the Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne (box office 01323 412000) in the week commencing 20 April. **Deborah Watling** is Jean Perkins in the Ray Cooney farce *Funny Money* alongside Rodney Bewes (*Resurrection of the Daleks*) and Gareth Hunt (*Planet of the Spiders*). Initial dates are: Theatre Royal, Windsor from 6 April (01753 853888); His Majesty's, Aberdeen from 13 April (01224 641122); the Forum, Billingham from 20 April (01642 552663); and the Theatre Royal, Norwich from 27 April (01603 630000) And **Bonnie Langford** returns to the West End, opening in *Sweet Charity* at the Victoria Palace Theatre on 19 May (box office 0171 834 1317).

Miscellaneous **Verity Lambert** assisted in the compilation of a special film showcasing the work of *Doctor Who* creator **Sydney Newman** which was shown at BAFTA during the first week of February. Jean Marsh is selling her London riverside home; for £405,000 or thereabouts you can turn it into your very own battlefield . . . *The Abominable Snowmen* Episode Two was shown as part of the National Film Theatre's Tibet season on 4 March.

Obituary **Leon Eagles**, who played Jabel in *The Face of Evil* Parts Three and Four, died on 16 December.

Collectors' Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming *Doctor Who* merchandise

19 March

Novel ***The New Adventures: Oblivion*** by Dave Stone [Bernice, Jason, Chris & Roz Forrester] *Virgin* £4.99

7 April

Video ***PROBE: The Zero Imperative*** [Liz Shaw] [includes *Stranger Than Fiction 3*] *Reeltime Pictures* £11.99 (rrp)
Video ***Myth Makers 39: Katy Manning*** [interview] *Reeltime Pictures* £16.99 (rrp)
Novel ***Doctor Who: Legacy of the Daleks*** by John Peel [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Hollow Men*** by Martin Day & Keith Topping [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

16 April

Novel ***The New Adventures: The Medusa Effect*** by Justin Richards [Bernice] *Virgin* £4.99

4 May

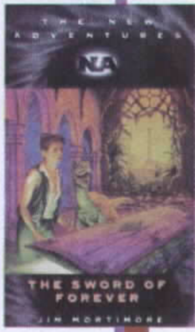
Video ***Doctor Who: The Mind of Evil*** [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Video* £tba
Video ***Doctor Who's Lust in Space*** [documentary] *Reeltime Pictures* £16.99 (rrp)
Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreamstone Moon*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Catastrophea*** by Terrance Dicks [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99

21 May

Novel ***The New Adventures: Dry Pilgrimage*** by Paul Leonard & Nick Walters [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

1 June

Novel ***Doctor Who: Seeing I*** by Jon Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Mission Impractical*** by David A McIntee [Sixth Doctor & Frobisher] *BBC Books* £4.99



18 June

Novel ***The New Adventures: The Sword of Forever*** by Jim Mortimore [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

6 July

Video ***Doctor Who: Horror of Fang Rock*** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: Placebo Effect*** by Gary Russell [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Zeta Major*** by Simon Messingham [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Nyssa] *BBC Books* £4.99

3 August

Novel ***Doctor Who: Vanderdeken's Children*** by Christopher Bulis [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreams of Empire*** by Justin Richards [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] *BBC Books* £4.99

20 August

Novel ***The New Adventures: Another Girl, Another Planet*** by Martin Day & Stephen Bowkett [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

NA
THE MEDUSA EFFECT
JUSTIN RICHARDS

7 September

Video ***Doctor Who: Planet of Fire*** [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] *BBC Video* £tba
Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The TV Companion*** by David J Howe & Stephen James Walker *BBC Books* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Scarlet Empress*** by Paul Magrs [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Last Man Running*** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

5 October

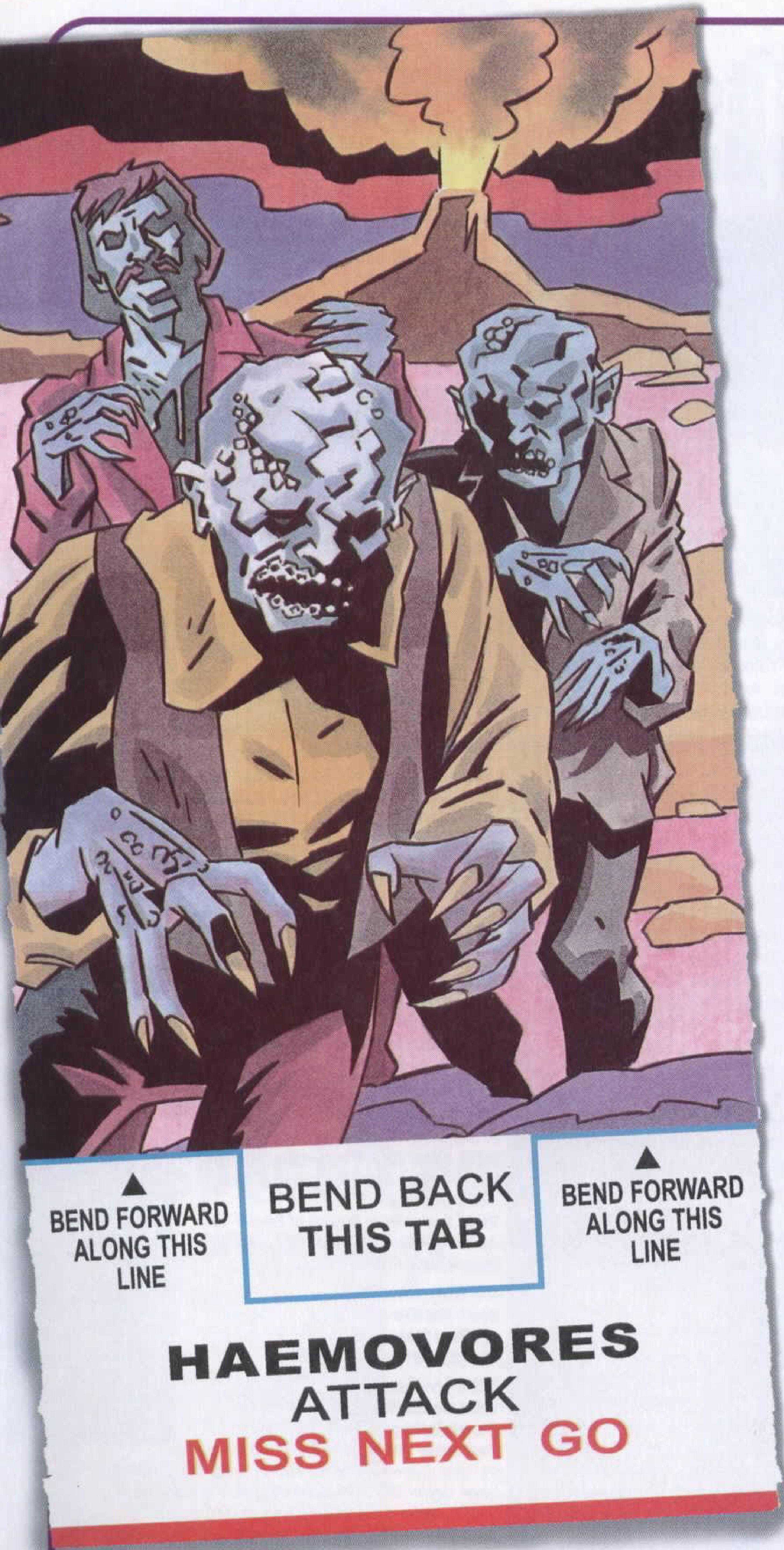
Video ***Doctor Who: The Ark*** [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] *BBC Video* £tba
Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: From A to Z*** by Gary Gillatt *BBC Books* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: Beltempest*** by Jim Mortimore [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99
Novel ***Doctor Who: Matrix*** by Mike Tucker & Robert Perry [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

15 October

Novel ***The New Adventures: Beige Planet Mars*** by Lance Parkin & Mark Clapham [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

2 November

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ice Warriors*** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] [double pack including various rediscovered sixties clips] *BBC Video* £tba
Novel ***Doctor Who: The Infinity Doctors*** by Lance Parkin [The Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99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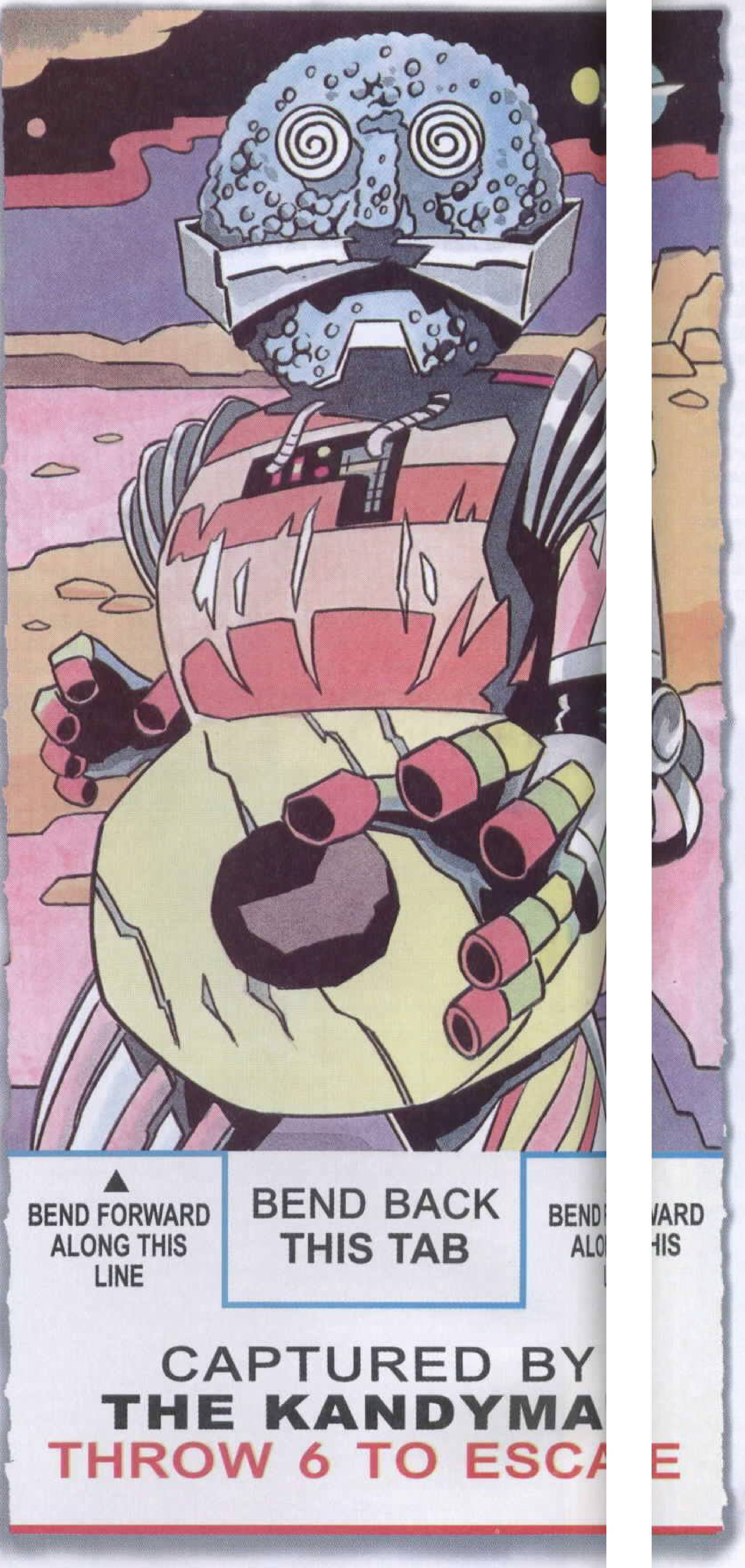
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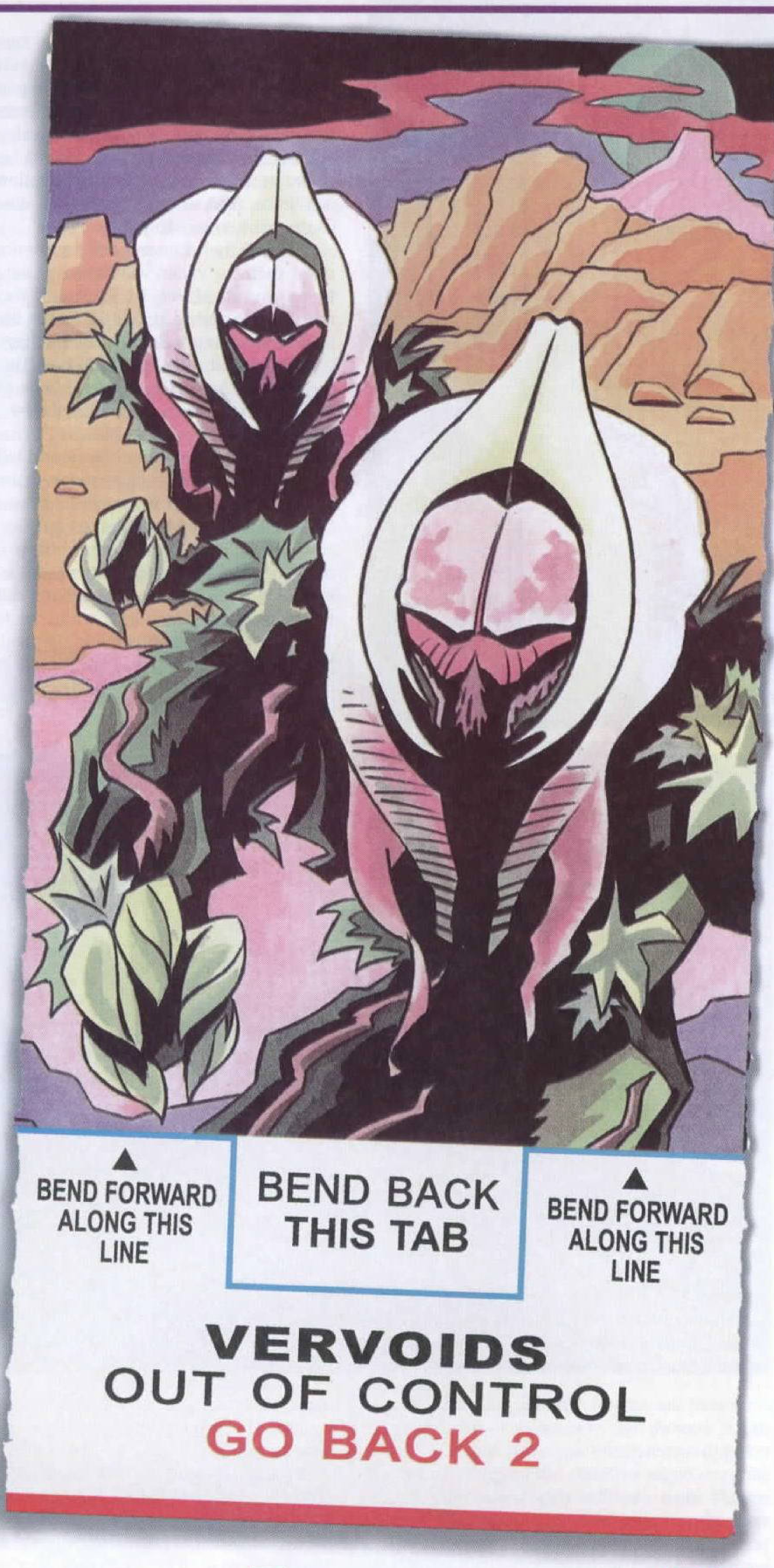
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All creatures great and small

Monsters have always been a cornerstone of *Doctor Who*'s appeal, as their prominence in toyshops, bookshelves and even on mid-seventies giveaway Weetabix cards attests. Lance Parkin gets beneath the rubbery skin of the series' most infamous bug-eyed bad guys – and recalls a few creatures the world forgot. Illustrations by Adrian Salmon

We don't see it, not yet, but the characters in the story do – and their expression of terror says it all. Over the incidental music we can hear its ragged, heavy breathing, the sound of dragging feet or whirring machinery. We cut to what it sees – the picture is distorted, tinged with unusual colours. It is bearing down on our heroes. Even the Doctor looks scared. We catch a glimpse of its hand, or claw, or whatever. A young woman screams, and we cut to an extreme close-up of the creature's face. It's too much to take in – twisted features, glaring eyes, a mouth opening to reveal a row of fangs. The closing credits crash down . . .

One of the expectations shared by those who watch *Doctor Who*, from the most avid fan to the most casual viewer, is that the story will feature a monster. One of the criticisms levelled at the 1996 Paul McGann TV Movie was that it featured no 'proper' aliens, new or old. For many years *Doctor Who* fans seemed to ignore whole seasons if they didn't have memorable monsters in them – the third, fourth and seventh seasons in particular. It's difficult to believe now, but monsters weren't always part of the *Doctor Who* formula – and as late as *The Space Pirates* and *The War Games* it was still possible to tell a *Doctor Who* story without them. The stories that were purely historical, with no science fiction elements apart from the time travellers themselves, are often dismissed as a phenomenon that was quickly 'phased out', but this isn't true – there are almost as many historicals as Third Doctor UNIT adventures. However, depending on how you define a monster, there's at least one in each serial from *Spearhead From Space* to the TV Movie. Monsters haven't just been desirable since 1970 – they've been compulsory, and script editors appear to have insisted that writers put them in their stories whether they were needed or not.

There is definitely a 'traditional' *Doctor Who* monster. They come from a devastated planet to

Diplomats from Mars and Alpha Centauri ponder the problems of *Star Trek*-style alien alliances . . . *The Monster of Peladon*

a peaceful one (often Earth, of course). They have ruined their own planet through war or greed, and they are capable of consuming entire worlds. They want to destroy or enslave humanity. They glory in death, often gaining power from draining life's blood or by converting others to their ranks. Their hierarchy usually consists of one leader, one deputy and a squad of troops. Their supreme commander is a massive-brained, eloquent version of the race, often an immobile pure intelligence. Sometimes this leader is the only survivor of the race, but still plans its conquests. Bullets bounce off monsters, which often have superhuman strength. They murder without a second thought, with their bare or clawed hands, and frequently kill with a single poisonous/electric/radioactive/unexplained 'touch of death'. They often have energy guns of some kind grafted onto their bodies. They will have exotic weapons of mass destruction. Many have a single weakness, and will die when exposed to a particular substance. (Such creatures seem to have a pathological need, or the extreme bad fortune, to invade places where that substance is abundant.) Monsters are single-minded, lacking humour and aesthetics. The glory of the race is more important than its individual members. And there is often a central tragedy; their race perhaps having once been very much like our own until it faced some hardship.

Monsters have been compulsory in *Doctor Who* since 1970

"Bagsy the Mutters Spiral!" Delegates from the Outer Galaxies carve up the known universe in *The Daleks' Master Plan*

One of the immutable laws of *Doctor Who* is that if you are ugly you are evil – the only twist being that sometimes incredibly beautiful people turn out to be evil, too (although even here, it usually turns out that they are secretly clones, androids or uglies in disguise). The 'non-human' population of *Doctor Who* are 'monsters' who want to rule the universe. We find out little about their art, the complexities of their politics or the way they rear their children. They are twisted, deformed parodies of humanity, often resembling animals or machines. Or, as Salman Rushdie puts it in *The Satanic Verses*, *Doctor Who* features: "bizarre creatures who appeared to have been crossbred with different types of industrial machinery: forage harvesters, grabbers, donkeys, jackhammers, saws . . . children's television appeared to be exclusively populated by humanoid robots and creatures with metamorphic bodies".

It is possible to sub-divide monsters in terms of their functions within a story. Remember, monsters are compulsory in a *Doctor Who* script. Even if your story has no need for a monster, there will have to be at least one somewhere. The first draft of *Kinda* did not feature a real, physical, giant snake, and the Husks in *Ghost Light* were added at a late stage at the production team's insistence. The monsters are not always the centre of attention, though.

Often, if the monsters are not the focus of a story, then the villain will have a squad of them to act as *foot soldiers*. They'll search the woods, round up intruders, do all the heavy lifting and guard his secret weapon. Omega has his Gel Guards, Sutekh has his Servitors. The Daleks enslave Robomen, Ogrons and Vaaga Plants for this purpose, but in later stories they are foot soldiers themselves, controlled by Davros. Daleks being Daleks, they resent their second-billing and spend their time plotting to re-take control. The villains assume that their foot soldiers are expendable, and that they have limited intelligence and autonomy. The soldiers often have a rather different opinion, seeing themselves as equals. The Doctor can often use the villain's callousness to his advantage, such as the time he turns the Tetraps against their mistress in *Time and the Rani* by demonstrating that she plans to abandon her allies once her plans have reached fruition. Both the Master's and the Daleks' record in employee relations is particularly poor, and the Doctor can usually rely on instigating a revolt amongst their workforce.

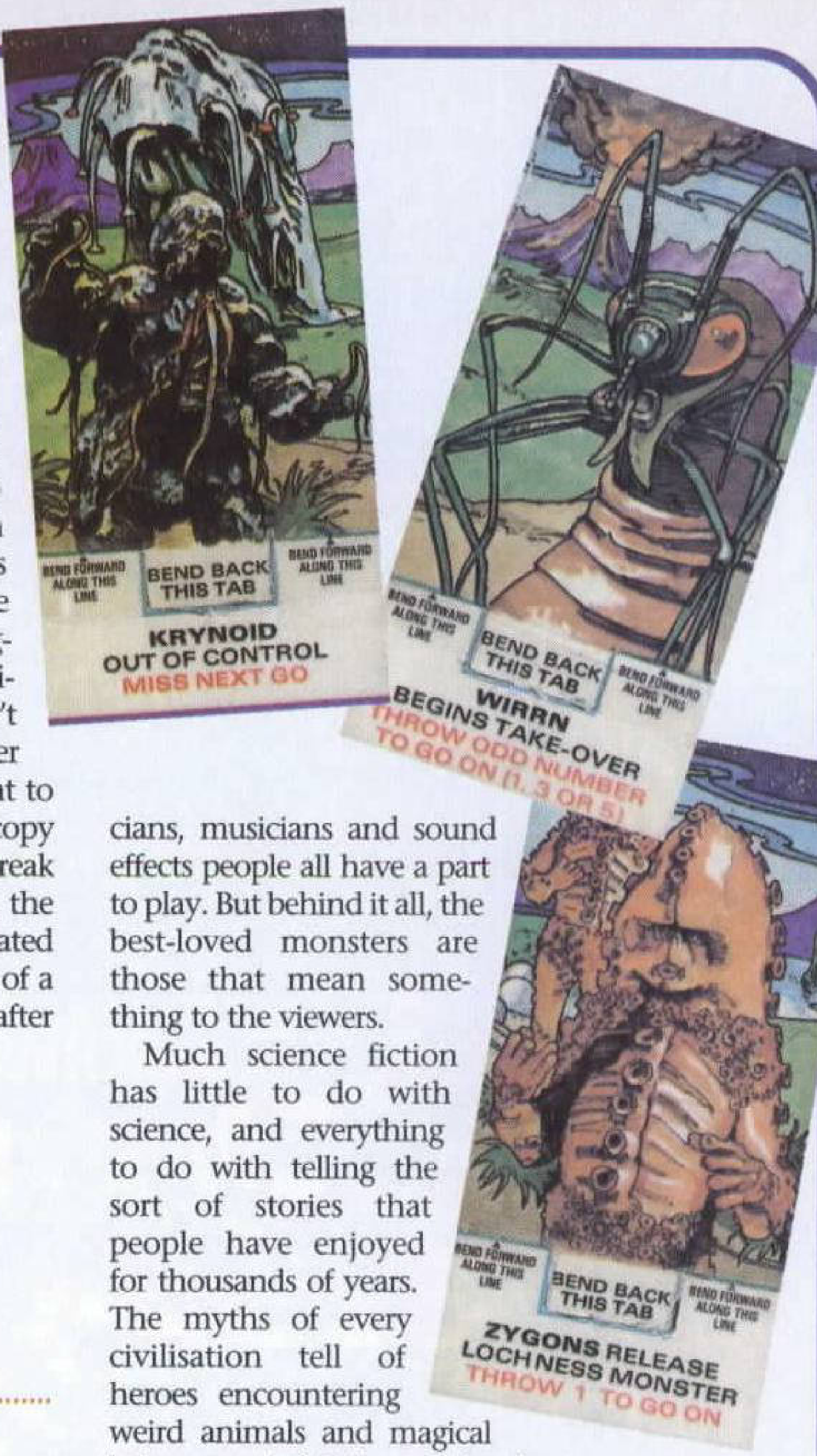
Another category is the *guard dog* – alien animals which are lethal, but have little or no intelligence. They provide a temporary obstacle to the Doctor, not a major threat, and they usually occur in stories with few other monsters. Examples include the Shrivenzale in *The Ribos Operation*, the Slyther in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* and Bok in *The Daemons*. A variation on the theme is the robot guard – such as Styre's robot in *The Sontaran Experiment*, the android guards left on Earth by the Cybermen in *Earthshock* and the Raston Warrior Robot in *The Five Doctors*. The Guard Dog has a useful dramatic function: sating the audience's desire to see monsters, while allowing the real baddies to wait in the wings, ready to leap out for the first cliffhanger, or even to bide their time until the later episodes.

Very occasionally, these one-off baddies have a little more involvement with the plot, or they stay at their master's side, and then they perform much the same function as a Bond villain's *henchman* (Jaws or Oddjob, for example). The Destroyer in *Battlefield* falls into this category. A variation on this is the *pet* which is often both the focus of all the heartless villain's affection, and a useful way of disposing of flunkeys who have failed him. The Pirate Captain has his Polyphase Avatron in *The Pirate Planet*, Helen A has Fifi in *The Happiness Patrol*.

In some stories, though, the monsters are hardly necessary – in *Ghost Light* the Husks in the cellar only seem to be there to allow the first cliffhanger, and the Primords of *Inferno* seem equally irrelevant, simply there to provide something interesting in 'our' universe. This sort of monster is there just because the format demands it, or to provide a cliffhanger or two. They are also useful ways of creating an immediate threat or obstacle to our heroes, or to introduce action into otherwise rather slow bits of the story. One of the things that those in this category, the *afterthought*, have in common is that they are often the only thing that lets the story down – think of the Magma Beast in *The Caves of Androzani*, the Royal Beast of Tara in *The Androids of Tara* or the giant rat in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. Monsters are not central to any of these stories, and it appears that the programme-makers' resources and efforts were concentrated elsewhere.

But if all the monsters follow a formula, why are some more successful than others? Clearly it takes a combination of things to capture the viewer's imagination. The design has to be memorable, and the best monsters often have a rather quirky appearance. The Dalek's sink plunger or the Cyberman's 'jug-handle' ears are prime examples, and by accident or design they signify that these aren't just generic 'robots'. A well-designed monster should have the 'playground factor': it ought to have mannerisms which children can copy when they play *Doctor Who* in their lunch break on Monday. Any child can easily imitate the lurching march of a Cyberman, the bifurcated hands of a Sontaran or the distinctive voice of a Dalek, and so those monsters lived on long after their particular adventure had finished.

One immutable law of the series is that ugliness equals evilness



Clearly, the actors in the suits have a part to play. Perhaps the biggest problem with monsters is that the range of stories that you can tell using them is rather limited. Try as *Babylon 5* might, there will always be a sizeable proportion of a mainstream audience who won't want to watch two people with rubber heads and funny hairdos having a serious discussion. Television acting is based very much on subtleties of voice and facial expression – and the typical *Doctor Who* monster has a latex mask and an electronic voice. Their range is limited, although over the years the programme has managed to create some minor miracles – John Friedlander in particular was famous for creating 'half masks' that left the eyes and jaw relatively free. His monsters, such as the Sontarans and Davros, are still remembered by the general public decades after their stories were broadcast.

Writers who realised the limitations of the format also helped. As Eric Saward put it: "two Daleks speaking I found painful – there's no light or shade in them whereas with Davros there is." Dialogue for monsters can't always be written or spoken in the same way as for people – they require more melodramatic lines and performances. The limitations of the format, what the audience wants and expects to see, also plays a part – in a 90-minute story, there is just time to establish the scope and nature of the threat before it has to be defeated. The motivation of monsters is not complicated – they are warlike, greedy or hungry. Directors, lighting technicians, musicians and sound effects people all have a part to play. But behind it all, the best-loved monsters are those that mean something to the viewers.

Much science fiction has little to do with science, and everything to do with telling the sort of stories that people have enjoyed for thousands of years. The myths of every civilisation tell of heroes encountering weird animals and magical beings, and fighting malevolent sorcerers and fantastic beasts. Until a very few centuries ago, magic was important because the only way people could explain how the world worked was to refer to the supernatural. We live in a more scientific age now; we know the real reason the sun rises in the morning, we've explored and mapped every inch of the surface of our planet. Stories about magic and unknown lands seem silly, childish, and so to convince their audience, writers have moved with the times. Instead of coming from distant lands or fairy worlds, monsters come from alien planets or other dimensions. If you want to travel great distances in an instant, you don't use a magic door or a flying carpet, you step into a wormhole or a teleport. Magic swords use blades of light, and if someone wants to transform an ordinary man into a monster he'll use radiation or cosmic rays, not a spell or a ritual. None of this is real science, but somehow it is more convincing to our modern minds.

The traditional *Doctor Who* stance is that everything can be explained in scientific, logical terms, and magic doesn't exist. It's a view that the Doctor himself has often expressed: he pours scorn on the 'savage' Leela, and always seeks the 'reason' behind the superstition. There's a sterling example of this in *The Daemons*. Alien Azal resembles the Devil, and has demonstrated many seemingly magic powers. But the Doctor knows better: "But don't you see? All the magical traditions are just remnants of their advanced science . . ." Asks white witch Miss Hawthorne: "Then these creatures are linked with the Black Arts. They are evil?" "Amoral perhaps," counters the Doctor. "They help Earth, but on their own terms. It's a scientific experiment to them. Just another laboratory rat."

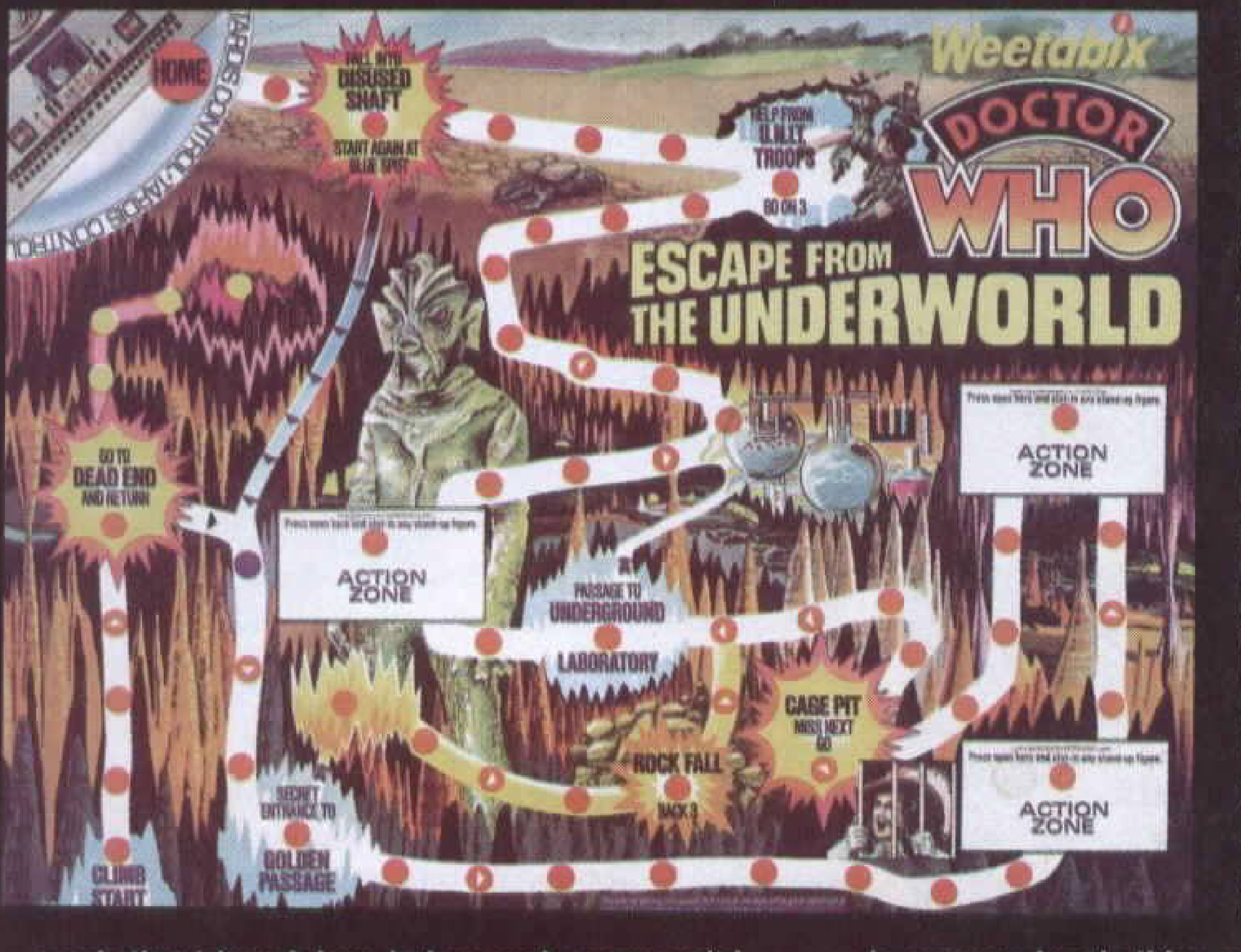
So, there is not only a scientific explanation, but the Daemon himself is a scientist! There are many similar examples throughout the show's history: *Doctor Who* fans now know the 'real' story behind the Abominable Snowman, the

Kidnapped by Gellguards! Wounded by Styre! Speared by Blor!

Alan Barnes remembers collecting those Weetabix monster cards back in 1977 . . .

Over these pages, you'll have seen a few examples of the monsters featured on the 'action cards' given away in packets of Weetabix during 1977, plus six specially painted by **DWM** artist Adrian Salmon to highlight creatures of the late seventies and eighties.

Of course, the two great mid-seventies Weetabix/*Doctor Who* cross-promotions were a marketing triumph long before such commercial black arts became known as science. In those days, the breakfast cereal scene was a fierce arena in which Kellogg's, Nabisco *et al* fought furiously for the hearts and minds of the nation's children (or, more pertinently, New Pence from Mum's inflation-strained housekeeping). Shelving across the nation's Co-Ops and Sainsbury's groaned under the not inconsiderable weight of ever more garish packets offering ever more entrancing enticements and exhortations: Sooty pushed chalky Puffa Puffa Rice to tinies, one Klondike Pete peddled milk-teeth-bustin' boulders of glucose and compacted corn known as Golden Nuggets (although the aptly-named Sugar Smacks were the bowl of choice for the syrup-dependent prepubescent determined to collect more 'Smile' stickers from the dentist than anyone else in class).



Against such a backdrop – and a decade before it was possible to persuade a lardy, high-cholestrol nation of the virtues of cereal as quasi-health food – Weetabix, purveyors of brick-like bundles of gritty wheat, never stood much chance of winning my affections. Until, that is, one fateful Friday evening at Waitrose when, in between surreptitiously scooping up sachets of *verboten* Angel Delight and dumping them in the trolley before Mum could see (and she *always* did), I spied a familar logo replicated hundredfold down the aisle. Weetabix's North London sales graph was about to show a significant rise . . .

Being just about seven years old, I wasn't to know that this was the second time Weetabix had flogged their product on the back of my favourite show – two years before, six sets of four stand-up figures, plus 'puppet theatre' backdrops, had appeared – but for now, the deal was this: inside every packet you got a set of three monster figures. There were six sets in all, from the astoundingly common Zygons/Krynoid/Wirrn combo to the almost-unheard-of Bellal/Daleks/Davros grouping (the others being Vogans/Cybermen/Styggron, TARDIS/Field-Major Styre/Hieronymous, Daleks/Gellguards/Omega and the disappointingly Peladon-centric party comprising Vega Nexos, Aggedor and a very butch Blor). Each card was designed to slot into an Action Zone on the quartet of board games you could cut free from the rear of each box. The four games, which met at a central TARDIS console when joined together, were 'Race Through Space' (a quick trip round Skaro, Mechanus, Spiridon, Metebelis III and Voga), 'Travel Through Time' (where being held by an awesome Mandragoran Energy swirl could slow you down no end), 'Escape From the Underworld' (a cave system featuring UNIT troops, a discarded Hand of Fear, a Silurian and a lucky short-cut Golden Passage) plus 'Discover the Lost Planet' (a swampy jungle thing populated by dinosaurs, the Skarasen, Thals and *Colony in Space* Primitives). Oh, and if that wasn't enough, each card set contained a coded 'Secret Message From Time Lords' (eg, "CYBERMEN ATTACKING PLANET VOGA. USE GOLD TO DESTROY THEM").

Inevitably, parent and child clashed: as far as I was concerned, the Weetabix came free with the fantastic *Doctor Who* stuff, but Mum had this bizarre notion that nutrition was the sole reason for purchasing early-morning comestibles. Wolfing three biscuits at a sitting, I could happily get through one Family Size packet every eight days (sooner if I managed to discreetly bin the odd few now and again). The anticipation and excitement got too much and, like a Secret Lemonade Drinker, I took to sneaking downstairs every Saturday just before dawn, carefully opening up each virgin box to discover whether it was Styggron or Hieronymous lay inside, before sticking the flaps back down with Gloy Gum and stealing back to bed.

It was all over within a few short months; I did manage to buy a mangled Davros off David Waite from down the road, but I don't think the full-size 'Escape From the Underworld' board ever got to Chipping Barnet. Weetabix moved onto Asterix-themed freebies – for shame! – but Shreddies came up with Superman transfers soon enough, and those who revelled in playground swopsies had the blue set of *Star Wars* bubblegum cards to come.

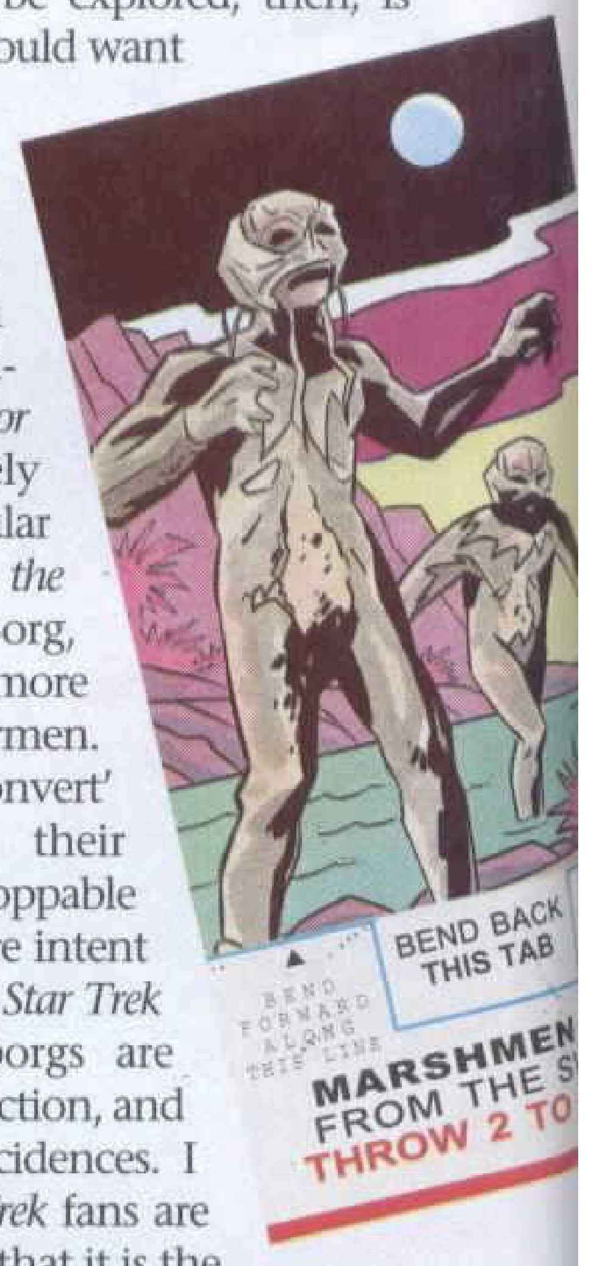
Anal retentive we might have been, but for 12 glorious weeks we *Who* fans had the most regular bowel movements in the land . . .

Alpha Centauri

Giant Robot

Loch Ness Monster, vampires, the Egyptian Gods and the Pyramids, Stonehenge, Atlantis and UFOs. But the writers also get to tell adventure stories based around the legends. Even when the names have changed, we can still see the old myths reflected in *Doctor Who*. The Rutans, Zygons, Autons and androids are *doppelgängers*, the Axons, Cybermen and Haemovores are vampires. *The Brain of Morbius* is a retelling of *Frankenstein*, which itself is a post-Enlightenment retelling of medieval golem stories. This is perfectly conscious on the part of the authors, and is usually made explicit. In *The Making of Doctor Who* by Terrance Dicks and Malcolm Hulke, we are told that "the Sontarans look like some hideous goblin or troll from Earth's ancient legends".

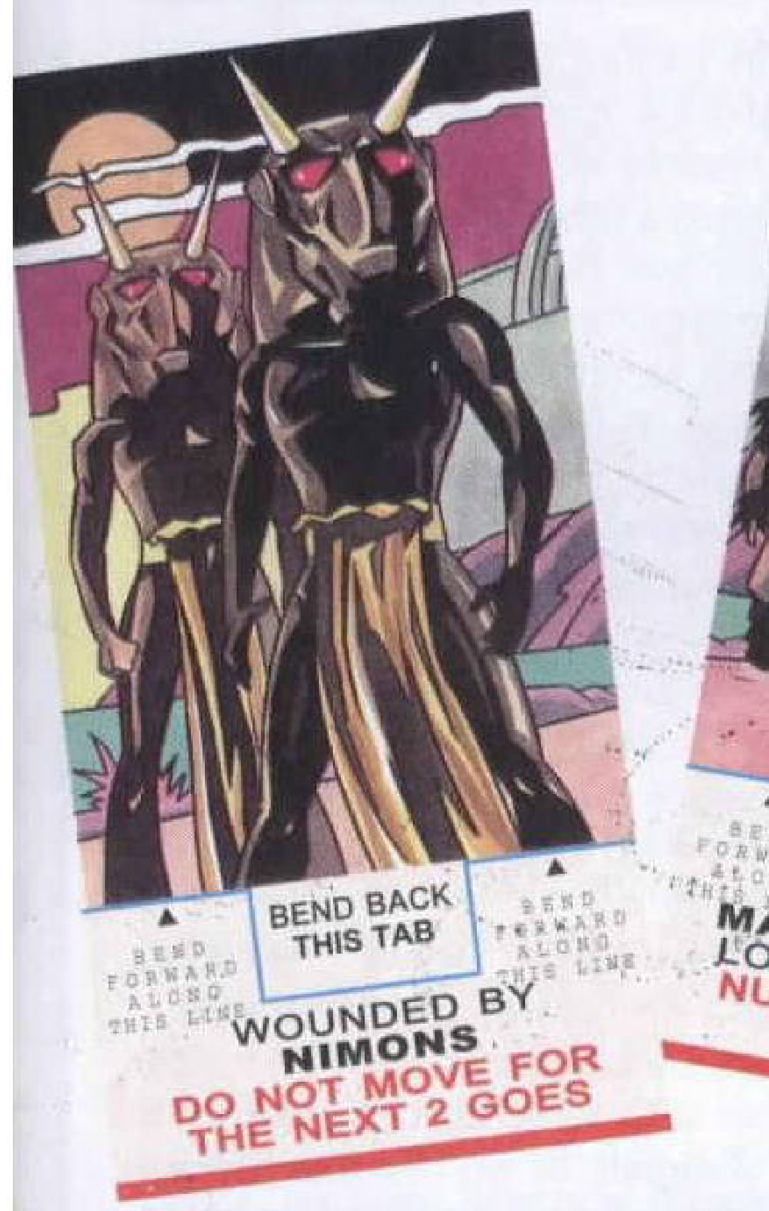
A well-designed monster has mannerisms children can copy



The real question to be explored, then, is why a modern author would want to update these myths. What are the monsters there for? It's interesting to contrast *Doctor Who* monsters with the alien races seen in other television science fiction. *Doctor Who* fans instinctively know that the most popular alien race in *Star Trek: the Next Generation*, the Borg, have been influenced more than a little by the Cybermen. Both are cyborgs who 'convert' humans to boost their numbers, both are unstoppable and emotionless, both are intent on destroying the Earth. *Star Trek* fans counter that cyborgs are nothing new in science fiction, and that any links are coincidences. I suggest that those *Star Trek* fans are wrong, but I don't think that it is the 'secret origin' of the Cybermen which has been borrowed by the *TNG* writers. The Borg work because they are typical *Doctor Who* monsters, working to the *Doctor Who* formula, not the *Star Trek* one. Most of the alien races in *Star Trek* look like humans, with only some variations in how many knobbles they have on their heads or what shape their ears are. Whatever they look like, the Klingons, Romulans, Cardassians, Jem-Hadar, Ferengi, Kazon and so on are all similar to the Federation – they have fleets of ships, colony worlds, long and noble histories, trading routes, ray guns, transporters. The *Star Trek* galaxy is one of shifting political alliances, where races communicate through diplomatic channels, coming into conflict where economic and political interests clash. They are alien races, not monsters, and the Federation characters who hold the view that the Klingons are beyond redemption are portrayed in a negative light – as warmongers, potential dictators or even paranoiacs. When the creators of *Star Trek* created their alien races, they drew on Earth's political history, not its myths. The Klingon Empire is a thinly-disguised Soviet Union, the Bajorans the Palestinians (or the Israelis!).

A Venom Grub and a Zarbi gang up on a hapless Menoptra. *The Web Planet*

Doctor Who has none of that. It explores alien cultures, often in some depth, and is not above political allegory, but when it happens the 'aliens' look human – such as the people of Traken, Peladon or the Kinda. Even monsters such as the Silurians, which have advanced cultures and the capacity for peace, release killer viruses into the air, plan to destroy the Van Allen Belts or provoke nuclear war. As for the Daleks, the Cybermen or the Sontarans, they would open fire before Picard had opened hailing frequencies. This is why the Borg are so popular – they are ruthless, ugly, truly alien creatures whose way of life threatens the existence of the Federation. They don't want to negotiate or trade, they want to conquer and destroy. There's no moral ambiguity as far as the audience is concerned: the Borg are evil and have to be stopped. But it's also the perfect moral dilemma for the peaceful, pluralist Federation – they can stop the Borg, but only by going to war, building ultimate weapons and committing genocide. What the *Star Trek* writers have done is to introduce a race of *Doctor Who* monsters into the cosy *Star Trek* universe. Q says as much just before he first takes the Enterprise into the heart of Borg Space: "You judge yourself against the pitiful adversaries you have faced so far: the Romulans, the Klingons . . . you are not prepared for what awaits you . . . you are about to move into an area of the galaxy containing wonders more incredible than you can possibly imagine and terrors to freeze the soul". It's a (coincidental) paraphrase of the Doctor's speech in the Cyberman story *The Moonbase*: "There are corners of the universe that have bred the most terrible things. Things which are against everything we believe in. They must be fought!" The Borg are not 'real' *Star Trek* baddies, to the extent that by the film *First Contact* they have adopted a standard *Who* monster plan: travelling back in time to try to change history. (Perhaps the biggest giveaway that the *Star Trek* production team knew exactly what they were doing is that the episode that introduces the Borg has a very peculiar title, one which makes little sense in terms of the story: *Q Who*.)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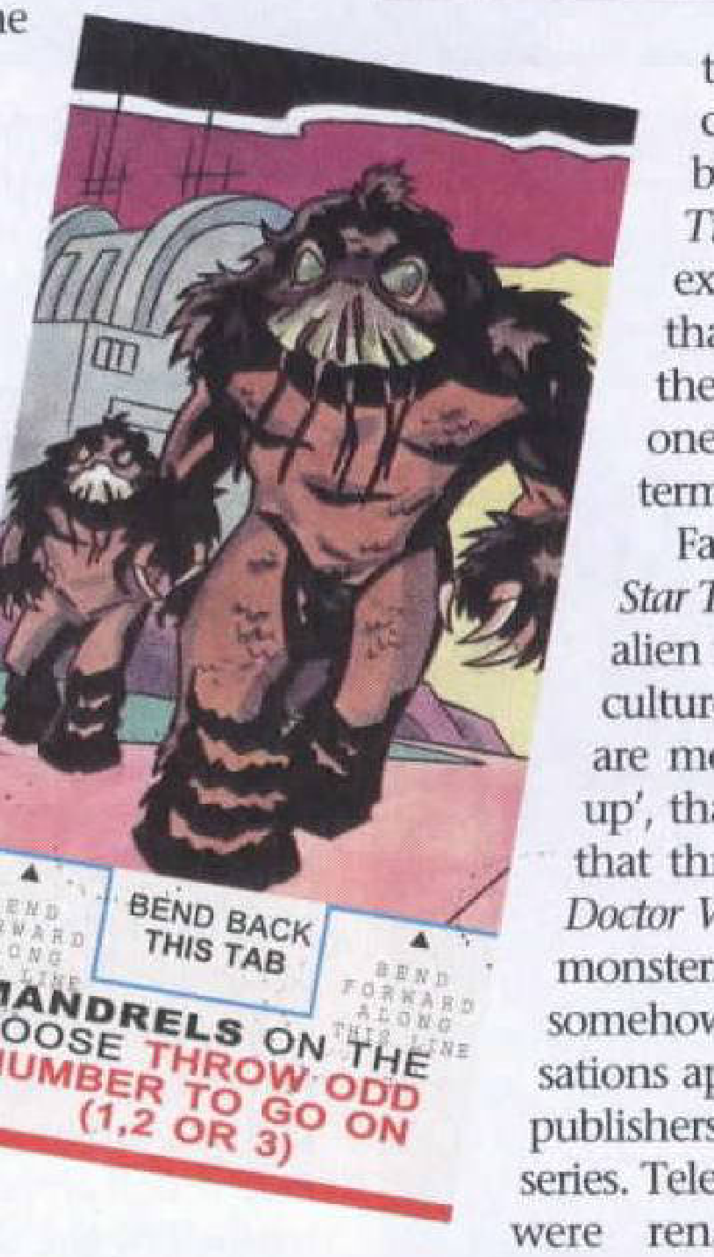
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Fans of *Babylon 5* and the various *Star Trek* shows could argue that their alien races, with well-drawn histories, cultures, religions and social structures are more sophisticated, more 'grown up', than the legions of ugly monsters that threaten Earth in *Doctor Who*. As *Doctor Who* fans have grown older, the monsters have seemed less important somehow. When the first Target novelisations appeared, it was obvious that the publishers felt that the monsters sold the series. Television stories with obscure titles were renamed to emphasise them: *Spearhead from Space* became *The Auton Invasion*, *Doctor Who and the Silurians* became *The Cave Monsters* and so on. Every cover of the early Target books was a variation on a theme: a bold picture of a monster with an inset picture of the Doctor. The monsters were immortalised here – images of Krynoids menacing country houses and Ice Warriors with energy crackling around their claws imprinting themselves on impressionable young minds. Target cemented these images with books that every fan had in the seventies: *The Doctor Who Monster Book* and its equally-imaginatively titled sequel *The Second Doctor Who Monster Book* (if they couldn't afford the hefty 50p and 70p price tags, fans had them on near-permanent loan from the public library).

Many monsters are simply common phobias made manifest

So why is it that despite their innate childishness, their superficiality, monsters are still the very essence of the series? What do monsters *mean*? When the film *Jaws* was a huge success, critics and article writers, er, fished around for the reason why. As most people were unlikely to ever encounter a shark, but were still scared by the film, there must be something quite complicated at work, they decided. So they discussed Jungian psychology, the symbolism of the sea, the *vagina dentate* and the 'revenge of nature'. We've all been to a beach, they said, and it's meant to be a safe place – it unnerves us to think that there might be sharks in the water (*Doctor Who* fans know this as 'The Yeti on the Loo Principle'). Kingsley Amis had the final word on the subject: "The reason *Jaws* is successful is that people are bloody frightened of being eaten by a bloody great big shark." The *Doctor Who* monster isn't there to prove a moral point, it's there to scare us witless.

The best *Doctor Who* monsters do something powerful; they tap into the "universe of terrors", let us face our fears. This is obvious in the case of monsters which are manifestations of common *phobias*, such as the fear of certain animals. In *Doctor Who*, giant spiders have scuttled (*Planet of the Spiders*, *Full Circle*), giant snakes have slithered (*Kinda*), giant rats have scurried (*The Talons of Weng Chiang*). Other monsters resemble reptiles or insects. Sometimes, there is nothing to fear but fear itself. The Mara is a manifestation of all our fears, and both the Master (*The Mind of Evil*, *Frontier in Space*) and the Sontarans (*The Sontaran Experiment*) have handy devices which can generate raw fear in their victims.

A pair of Ogrons limber up in preparation for their Mensa exams. *Frontier in Space*

There is also the fear of *war*, and the Daleks are symbols of both of its most terrifying 20th century manifestations. Although such an origin is common elsewhere in science fiction, the Daleks are unique in *Doctor Who* as being the only monsters who are specified as the mutated remnants of a nuclear war. Whereas on planets such as Dulkis, Argolis and Gallifrey races have become dedicated to peace after suffering the fallout of atomic warfare, the Daleks became fascists, the ultimate expression of an authoritarian military intent on genocide. There are many other monsters who live for perpetual war, such as the Sontarans, Rutans and Ice Warriors. Other monsters – such as the Shadow, who wants to set the two halves of the universe against one another, and the Destroyer – are almost allegorical symbols of nuclear devastation.

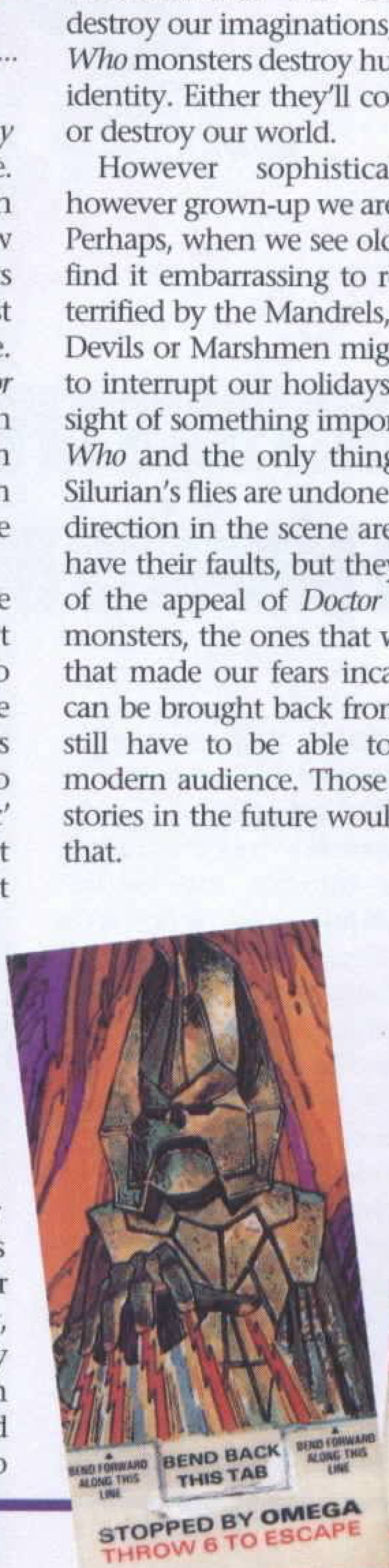
The myths of every civilisation tell of weird animals and magical beings

Most accidents happen in the home. *Everyday* items become deadly in the *Doctor Who* universe. In *Planet of Giants* an ordinary English garden becomes a terrible jungle when the TARDIS crew is shrunk. In *The Seeds of Doom*, houseplants become murderous. And people we love or trust might be Zygons, Autons or androids in disguise. The Auton serials *Spearhead From Space* and *Terror of the Autons* took this to extremes with murderous shop dummies and waxworks. Even more down-to-earth were their evil policemen and toys, the suffocating clingfilm, inflatable furniture and telephone cables.

People have always been afraid of *the new*. The 20th century has seen rapid change, and not always for the better. Are we rushing headlong to our own destruction? Many of the things we take for granted first became common in the sixties and seventies, and *Doctor Who* was quick to examine the way that the 'futuristic' intruded on everyday lives. The new Post Office Tower was home to a malevolent computer in *The War Machines*, and ancient evils attack modern North Sea Oil rigs in both *Fury From the Deep* and *Terror of the Zygons*. The Autons personified the plastic, mass-produced age. The Third Doctor's era was a battleground in which the present met the future: rural tramps and poachers shared their woods with nuclear power stations and rocket bases. Miners lost their jobs as the machines took over, from Wales to Peladon. At every turn there was a monster, drawn to the new space-age and nuclear technology, ready to destroy humanity for its follies. The greatest folly, it seems, is exploring space. By launching our probes and our rockets, we have drawn attention to ourselves, opened a Pandora's box.

Behind all these fears is the fear of losing one's *identity*, that somehow we might wake up one day to discover that we are no longer ourselves, or even human beings. War turns peaceful nations into authoritarian states; homes and families are threatened with imminent destruction. Fear of spiders strips away thousands of years of civilisation and leaves us cowering primitives. Increased mechanisation and mass production could destroy our imaginations, our souls. Many *Doctor Who* monsters destroy humanity, civilisation and identity. Either they'll convert us into their own or destroy our world.

However sophisticated we've become, however grown-up we are, we still get frightened. Perhaps, when we see old videos now, we might find it embarrassing to remember that we were terrified by the Mandrels, or worried that the Sea Devils or Marshmen might emerge from the sea to interrupt our holidays. But I think we've lost sight of something important if we watch *Doctor Who* and the only thing we notice is that the Silurian's flies are undone or that the lighting and direction in the scene are noteworthy. Monsters have their faults, but they are an important part of the appeal of *Doctor Who*. The really good monsters, the ones that we remember, are those that made our fears incarnate. While monsters can be brought back from the show's past, they still have to be able to shock and scare the modern audience. Those who write *Doctor Who* stories in the future would do well to remember that. DWM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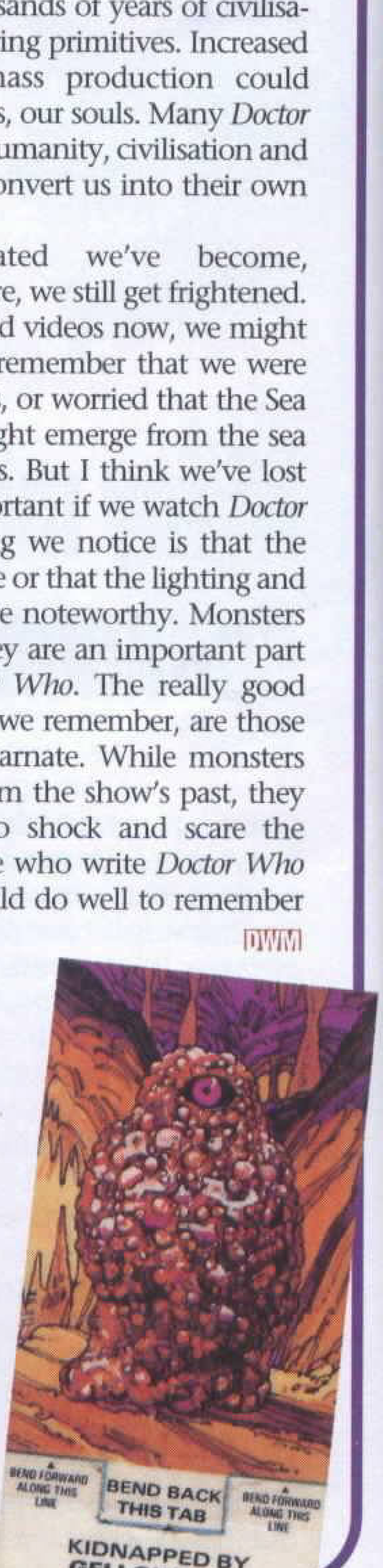
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Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk. No other correspondence by e-mail, please. Subscriptions enquiries to the address on page 43 only.

EXTRA *EARTHSHOCK*?

A question for the archive experts amongst you: would it be possible for the BBC to prepare special editions of existing episodes of *Doctor Who*? I enjoyed the efforts of the team behind *The Five Doctors* Special Edition and would love to see some more. The 35th anniversary is coming up and, in the absence of new material, this could give the back catalogue a kick-start.

Ideally, you'd pick a bunch of stories that could stand alone with the minimum of modification in the nineties – for example, *Earthshock*. Firstly, make the most of today's TV systems by jazzing up the sound. Secondly, add some more realistic laser beam effects for the weapons. Thirdly, show the freighter actually impacting with the Earth. (Maybe we could even get a quick glimpse of some dinosaurs munching away on the surface as the freighter enters the atmosphere. Well, at least make it look like the freighter is *moving* . . .)

I'm sure there are a whole bunch of stories that could be made to appeal to today's audience with the most minor of tweaking. Imagine – *The Caves of Androzani* with a really freaky Magma Beast! *Remembrance of the Daleks* with Daleks hovering instead of wobbling around London! This may even get 'them upstairs' to notice that such effects don't need mega US bucks these days.

If properly handled, such a project could generate publicity for a special TV screening, more so than the re-coloured Pertwee tales a few years back.

Faiz Rehman
via e-mail

BOUCHER "COMMITTED"

Thank you for publishing the interview with Chris Boucher [*Written to the Core*, **DWM** 261]. His three stories are among my favourites and I feel he has been severely overlooked in the past. He comes across as a very friendly, fiercely committed man who has been messed around very often in the past by people who simply don't care for the programmes they are making as much as he does. More interviews like this *please*!

I look forward with eagerness to his book in September and would encourage BBC Books to look to some other ex-script writers for possible *Doctor Who* books (Bob Baker, Ian Briggs and Stephen Wyatt spring to mind).

Andrew J Muller
via e-mail

IZZY v SAM: NO CONTEST

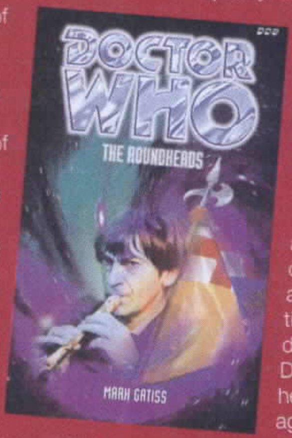
In **DWM** 261, Joe Curreri raised the point that the BBC Books novels are hard to get hold of in America. I would like to reassure him, and all other US fans, that you are not missing much, and that the Doctor and Sam's characters and development can be summed up in one word: non-existent.

Stick to the Doctor and Izzy in **DWM**, they are millions of light years ahead of BBC Books in terms of originality and characterisation. I for one am looking forward to **DWM**'s version of Gallifrey. After the mangled pseudo-histories of Virgin and BBC Books, it'll be interesting to see what Alan Barnes and his superb team make of the Doctor's home world . . .

Greg R Yeates
Ipswich, Suffolk

Blimey! I've just got **DWM** 262, and I have to say it is brilliant. The comic strip *The Final Chapter* is very exciting so far. I think it's better than *Ground Zero* and *Fire and Brimstone*, which were very good too. The interview with Mary Tamm was very interesting, as she is one of my favourite companions, and the best Romana. I also agree with Alan Barnes about *The War Games*. I think it is one of the best Patrick Troughton stories, and the best *Doctor Who* story of the sixties. Also, I was wondering when the Eighth Doctor will meet the Cybermen? He's already met the Master in the TV Movie, and he's the met the Daleks in both the BBC Books and the comic strip, so when will the Doctor run into *Doctor Who*'s second

LETTER OF THE MONTH
(that month being March 1648)



Having been a loyal servant of his most gracious majesty King Charles these many years since, and having taken up arms in his service until being grevious wounded at the Battle of Newbury, whence I was afflicted with such a ringing in the ears as did not leave me for a twelve month, and being advised by my physician never again to set foot upon the field of battle, I didst await the publication entitled *The Roundheads* with the most eager anticipation. Yet after reading of the same, whilst taking pleasure in a history of this age, methinks I cannot but discern that master Gatiss knoweth not the manner of speech nor in some ways the custom of these times.

An instance may serve to show my meaning in this. When master Whyte sayeth "We would be terribly grateful if you could help the King escape while you're in there", methinks this wouldst sound passing strange to any subject of that most gracious King, although I would avow that it would not so to mistress Polly. Mayhap master Whyte would more like have said, "Thou wouldst earn our sincere gratitude if thou wouldst aid the King in his escape whilst thou art within."

As to this matter of manner of speech some may say in defence of master Gatiss that 'tis a Time Lord gift to translate an unfamiliar tongue to that of which his companions are well used. However if this be so, 'tis a wonder this gift did not do so at all times. The characters utter words such as "Methinks" on occasion, yet but seldom . . . Maybe master Gatiss doth hold that that the speech of the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and forty eight be undesernable to those readers born more than 300 years after. However I trow this letter bears witness that this is not the case, but even should it be so, methinks much more could be done to impart to those readers a proper feeling of the age . . .

Divers occasions described within cannot but betray a lack of knowledge of the times . . . It didst occasion me no little merriment to read of mistress Polly "quickly slipping on a dress". 'Tis perhaps no wonder that master Gatiss be ill-informed in matters of woman's apparel, I must assure him 'tis in no way possible to put on a gown in haste, in no small part due unto the lacing of the bodice, and she being unaccustomed to the act, aye and with no maid to aid her. I can readily avow to this having attempted the same oftentimes. And what is this "night-dress" of which he spake? Didst not mistress Polly retire in her shift as any woman of the age, and on the morrow put her gown over?

Also I do marvel at the conduct of master Cromwell in this history. Although as a good royalist I hold him to be vile traitor to his king, nevertheless methought him to be yet a godly man, and who wouldst have no truck with devining and other devices of the Devil. Mayhap I have been ill informed on this matter. Also methinks it most strange that a soldier of the New Model Army should cross himself in the manner of a papist!

I remain sir your most
obedient servant
Ann Parker (MA Oxon),
Carshalton, Surrey

Mistress Polly and the Second Doctor.
"Shift" not pictured

YOUR DREAM REPEATS IN FULL!

Gallifrey Guardian

Are repeats the best hope for the future of *Doctor Who*?

DWM 260's *Gallifrey Guardian* Special Report – in which we asked why the TV Movie has not yet been repeated, and suggested a season of repeats of classic *Doctor Who*s – engendered a massive mailbag. We'd mooted a run of repeats at 6.00pm on BBC2 comprising *The War Machines*, *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, *Spearhead From Space*, *The Robots of Death*, *Resurrection of the Daleks*, *The Mark of the Rani* and *The Curse of Fenric*; this is what you had to say in response . . .

I would very much like to see *Doctor Who* back on BBC1 Saturday tea times. After all, that is where it all began and that is where other classic [repeated] shows like *Dad's Army* have proved most successful. I know that is where the Doctor would find his strongest audience too.

Ideally, I would hope to see the repeats launched with a showing of the very first episode, *An Unearthly Child*, and then followed by a collection of classic serials. Perhaps these could even be introduced by stars of the show in the same way Terry Wogan is currently introducing old editions of *Blankety Blank* on daytime television – or alternatively, why not invite fans to reminisce about the show *a la* the recent *The X Philes* fan programmes?

Mike Lord
Wantage, Oxon

If archive four-parters are singled out and re-screened then they should be shown in the manner and format of the TV Movie, because I don't believe a modern audience will have their patience or interest sustained by watching episodic television drama over days or weeks. I suggest that four-part stories should have their cliffhanger endings removed so they can be viewed as 100-minute films . . .

Edward Brady
Bengeo, Hertford

What we want is a six-ish slot on BBC1 on Saturdays . . . only fans of the series would think it necessary to represent each Doctor. The general viewing public have no such desire. Old black and white stories would certainly exclude the possibility of a BBC1 slot, and would almost certainly fail to engage with a new audience, while stories featuring some of the later Doctors could hardly be expected to interest the general viewing public now having caused people to desert the series back in the eighties. This is not to say that a repeats season should be limited to only one Doctor, say the Fourth; regeneration has been a concept central to the series since 1966, and in any case, people should be not be encouraged to think that only one actor can do justice to the character . . .

And why not show whatever stories are to be shown in an order dictated by aesthetics rather than chronology? This would encourage a holistic appreciation of the series, and discourage the casual viewer from losing interest once his or her favourite era or Doctor has been covered. *Pyramids of Mars* would be a good place to start, followed by something like *Ghost Light*, *Resurrection of the Daleks* and so on.

Paul Dawson
Wealdstone, Middlesex

. . . the idea of an extended celebration of a cult programme or genre isn't new. BBC2 has given over huge slices of viewing time to themed 'Nights' before – and more recently the best part of a day of BBC2's output was devoted to all things Egyptian. I think it would be a good place for 'A Night in the TARDIS', consisting of documentaries and culminating in one of the *Doctor Who* movies . . .

David S Lambert
Bitterne,
Southampton

. . . I do not think they should show *The Curse of Fenric* because it is too scary for some children who are quite likely to watch the programmes. A shiver ran down my spine when I saw it the first time – when the soldier was dragged down by the Haemovores and when the doves were killed by the toxic gas. I think they should show *Survival* instead.

Adam Kyles
Ulverston, Cumbria

Your proposed season is perfect, barring *The Robots of Death* which, although being a great story, does not reflect the Tom Baker era in general. I think *City of Death* would be more apt since it has a stronger blend of drama and humour . . .

Naturally, the season would close with a repeat of the Paul McGann TV Movie. But should it be split into episodes? I'll let someone else answer that!

William R Hadcroft
Farnworth,
Bolton

City of Death: a "strong blend of drama and humour", apparently

favourite monsters? Anyway, I think the magazine is excellent, and I can't wait for Part Two of *The Final Chapter*.

Stephen Oakes
via e-mail

Actually, the Eighth Doctor did spar with the Cybermen in the short-lived Radio Times *strip – but if there were any plans for he, Izzy and Fey to take on the mighty Cyber-race in the pages of* **DWM**, *we'd try to keep them a surprise . . .*

NATION BROUGHT TO BOOK

Matthew Jones' enthusing about the old comic strip *Doctor Who and the Iron Legion* in *Fluid Links* [**DWM** 261] took me back to my favourite classic *Who* book, *Terry Nation's Dalek Annual* of 1979. I must have been six when my mum reluctantly bought it for me ("there's too much writing in it"). Like Matthew did with *Doctor Who and the Iron Legion*, I found this annual so atmospheric and weird that it has never left my memory. I remember the text stories still: *The Castaway*, about a lone Anti-Dalek Force agent who engages a whole Dalek ship crew that lands on his enforced home planet after being spaceship-wrecked; *Edge of Destruction*, about a scientist conducting experiments on a remote island which attract the attentions of the Daleks; and *Collision Course*, a tale of treachery and selling-out to the Daleks within the ADF. The annual is by far the most atmospheric and terrifying piece of *Who*-related work ever. One can only imagine how utterly excellent the Daleks' own series would have been if Nation had managed to get it off the ground. If you don't own this book, seek it out. How could you resist it when it imparts knowledge such as, "a single blast from a Dalek gun carries enough energy to power the city of New York for a year", and, "The common cold, responsible for so many work absences, was originated in a Dalek laboratory". Priceless stuff.

Darren Scrowston
via e-mail

RESPECT IS DUE!

Alan's recent editorial regarding *The War Games* [**DWM** 262] noted that the story features "the randy Reverend's trade unionist dad in *EastEnders*". Thus Mr Barnes sums up the career of the mighty Leslie Schofield. I feel I must redress the balance by making it clear that Leslie has appeared in practically anything you can think of. Examples include *The Face Of Evil* (playing Calib), the *Blake's 7* episode *Space Fall*, a previous role in *EastEnders* as somebody else (I think he was Pat's estranged husband) and he is widely recognised by my generation for playing Johnny Briggs' dad. He is even assured of movie immortality, having had a minor role in *Star Wars* as General Moff Tarkin's aide. So let's have a bit more respect for the man, please.

ED Robson
via e-mail

Very sorry. Here's a nice picture of Rosa di Marco and Jeff Healy swapping East End pleasantries to make up . . .

The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

Shock! Horror! While Jackie tracks Antipodean Mutts through a snowstorm, Nigel gets caught by the fuzz . . .

Saturday

Choose a job, choose a career, choose life. I chose not to choose life . . . I chose something else . . .

The Wickerman
THE MUTANTS (ABC)
JAWS
The New Avengers
BASF
BLACKADDER
Survivors SEASON 3
The Sweeney
THE TIME MONSTER
JVC

3pm Knowing the statistic that men supposedly think about sex once every six seconds, I wonder if *Who* fans are similarly blighted. For there could be little other explanation why seemingly unconnected thoughts and comments are rudely buffeted into insignificance by other more fantastical concerns. Consolation for my brain is the fact that I am not a fan*boy* – for if the first statistic is in any way correct, this, combined with the latter, would leave me with only four seconds of conscious thought, and with that, I may well find myself wandering aimlessly into the centre of the road. The trick would be to combine the two, and never leave home without Virgin's *Companions* book. Certainly, the scrawl on the back of the bus seat in front of me supports the first theory – and although it gives no indication why I should now be thinking of *The Mutants*, it does suggest several places where I could stick it.

I did, I confess, once own a copy of *The Mutants*, an Australian copy that spat and warbled its title sequences. I watched it at Nigel's with Chas, right through in one sitting, for what felt like a fortnight. I left that video evening sporting a crazed expression similar to *Trainspotting*'s Ewan McGregor leering through a windscreen. A year later, Nigel, courtesy of UK Gold, had acquired a less frenetic version which he'd suggested we view late one pub evening.

"What as?" asked Chas. "A terrifying alternative to sleep?"

I too declined his offer of a replacement copy – for, although stable, UK Gold videos aren't half the fun. The best you can hope for is a third-generation copy – and even then, a set's lines and contours stay as the designer intended. The smallest pyrotechnic explosion utterly fails to send the image tumbling from your screen. The sound, too, neither fizzes nor yawns in desperate attempts to regain control over scenes of extreme brightness. Nor in protracted moments of supposed silent menace can you marvel over the curious intrusion of white noise, a torturous crescendo reminiscent of an approaching vacuum cleaner. Only in the presence of the colours red or electric blue can your VHS achieve that essential dodgy quality, and give you that reassuring twinge of naughtiness you seek by owning it. Sacrificing a picture which blurs like a water-colour for relative clarity would be to also deny the global delights of the chattering TV announcer, most of whom appear to be directly wired to generators, babbling at such speed as to lead you to believe the station's entire output of power depends on it. To give credit, UK Gold have contributed handsomely to this tradition.

Often at the merest echo of the closing titles, the announcer is gripped by a compulsion to relate information concerning the following *Blake's 7* story in such small detail as to render watching the episode redundant. However, compared to my *Mutants*, awash with Aussie ramblings, UK Gold appear positively reticent. That particular announcer, in a single breath, spans the end titles allotted him with deceptive ease, enlightening me and his native viewers as to several of his own resolutions to the previous cliffhanger – "What now for Doctor Who?" etc – before dutifully imparting the time of the next episode and, like his later UK cousin, pointlessly revealing anything of any interest that lies within it. Then finally, and most teasingly, with Pertwee vortex well into the Technical Crew, he embarks, with brief directions, on an advertisement for the Australian Broadcasting Company's own shop, which apparently is jam-packed full of *Doctor Who* goodies. All this delivered with impressive precision to the last fading Chris Barry credit of the 50-second sequence. Who is this verbal genius? Find him, get him to a PanoptiCon, put him in the cabaret; indeed, go further, make a game of it and, once he's led by faultless example, invite other celebrities to try their hand.

Whatever, I know in some uncharted future when the BBC release their *Mutants* and it bottoms out next to a *Hercules Sing-a-long* that, like the catalogue which preceded it, it'll never be able to compete with the magical quality of a video that has all the hallmarks of being at the arse-end of a copying ring.

True, the Beeb's are official and focused. Kosher shiny boys in vortex jackets who don't need to be tracked halfway to Dunstable, play in monochrome only when they're supposed to and eradicate snow in all but your *Seeds of Doom*. But this once-enviable package now appears little more than a bridge between the fuzzing pirate copy and the pin-point clarity of the laserdisc, revived and waiting to expensively consign your archaic collection to history. Then we'll know what it feels like to be the guy who chose Betamax in 1980.

A couple of PanoptiCons ago I heard Nigel and two other fans hyping the new *Ark in Space* disc: "Wow! You can even see the weave in Tom's trousers." Honestly! In the first copy I saw you could barely see the trousers, yet I know I've never recaptured the thrill of that viewing in any sharper, subsequent one.

"Nigel," I've argued, "if there's a show that needs laserdiscs and digital television like a hole in the head, it's ours. Inflicting it is an act of artistic cruelty, like forcing Ridley Scott to reshoot *Alien* with the lights on."

DOCTOR WHO
DAY OF THE DALEKS
PHE
Some things just can't b
FEATURE FILMS
FEATURE FILMS

3.15pm "What are you thinking about?"

I was reminded that I wasn't bussing alone. It was former Womble Patrick Holland, who had kissed me late New Year's Eve – and although I was later informed he was just being polite, I'd returned the gesture with such passion that only by late February was he returning to his senses.

Panicked, I settled for: "Whether it's Indian or African elephants which have the bigger ears . . . you?"

"Oh," he said, tearing his eyes from the graffitied bus seat, his sixth second obviously up, "nothing."

It's sad that deception has set in so early.

THE SEEDS OF DOOM

The mutated Winlett (John Gleeson) stalks the Camp Five corridors . . .

BBC Video [3]

The Antarctic frost gives up a strange fruit indeed – and a tragedy sown by the awful desires of a maniac mogul threatens global catastrophe. Andrew Pixley harvests the facts behind the story some nominate as the most violent Doctor Who serial ever made . . .

PART ONE

In the Antarctic, Charles Winlett and Derek Moberley, two of the three research scientists at Camp Five, discover an unknown species of vegetable pod which has lain buried in permafrost for some 20,000 years. They transmit photographs of the pod to the World Ecology Bureau in London, where Sir Colin Thackeray instructs his aide, Dunbar, to call in the Doctor from UNIT. The Doctor recognises the pod and immediately sets off for Camp Five with Sarah Jane Smith in tow; he insists that the pod is dangerous and must not be touched. However, botanist John Stevenson exposes the pod to ultra-violet light; the pod splits open and a tendril grabs Winlett's arm.

Dunbar visits Mr Chase, a man obsessed by the plant life he worships, and tells him about the pod; Chase sends associates Mr Scorby and Mr Keeler to collect it. The Doctor and Sarah arrive at Camp Five to discover that Winlett is mutating, his flesh turning to vegetation. Leading Sarah and Stevenson out into the snow, the Doctor locates a second pod which is soon placed in the freezer. The Doctor knows that Winlett is turning into a Krynoid, a galactic weed which feeds on animals. Poor weather conditions force a medical team from South Bend to turn back. Meanwhile, a private plane, which has run out of fuel, lands; its occupants are the ruthless Scorby and Arnold Keeler, a nervous botanist.

The Doctor insists that the only way to save Winlett is to amputate his infected arm. As Moberley prepares to operate, the mutated Winlett attacks him in the corridors and throttles him . . .

PART TWO

Discovering Moberley dead and Winlett gone, the Doctor, Sarah and Stevenson set out to hunt down the Krynoid – which escapes into the Antarctic night. They look inside a remote power unit where a new fuel cell system is being tested, and find it empty – but do not realise that the creature is hiding nearby.

Left alone at Camp Five, Scorby and Keeler search for the pod. The Doctor and Sarah return to base first and are captured by Scorby; when Stevenson returns, he lets slip that there is another pod. Threatening Sarah with his handgun, Scorby extracts its location from the Doctor. Scorby decides to destroy the camp by leaving a bomb at the power unit; Stevenson and the Doctor are left bound in the crew's quarters while Sarah is tied up at the unit. The Doctor gets free in time to see Scorby and Keeler depart with the pod, and manages to rescue Sarah. Stevenson is trying to repair the radio smashed by Scorby when the Krynoid attacks him.

The Doctor and Sarah are running from the power unit back to the camp when Scorby's bomb explodes . . .

Sarah Jane Smith (Elisabeth Sladen) and the Doctor (Tom Baker) face terror in an English country garden

PART THREE

Some time later, Doctor Chester and a party of marines arrive from South Bend; they find the Doctor and Sarah, who return to London and inform Sir Colin that there was a security leak from WEB. A chauffeur-driven car arrives to take the Doctor and Sarah to the Botanic Institute, but the driver pulls a gun on them. After a fight in a sandpit, the chauffeur is overpowered and a botanic painting by one Amelia Ducat found in the vehicle's boot. Visiting the eccentric Miss Ducat, the Doctor and Sarah learn that the purchaser was millionaire Harrison Chase.

Scorby and Keeler hand the pod over to Chase. They warn him of its dangerous nature, but Chase insists that Keeler injects the pod with nitrogen to make it grow. Posing as the chauffeur, the Doctor tricks his way into the grounds of Chase's country mansion with Sarah by his side. The duo are soon captured and brought before Chase, who decides to have them killed. Taken across the grounds at gunpoint, the Doctor and Sarah jump Scorby and escape. Sarah breaches the outer wall but is captured by Chase's guards. The Doctor returns to the mansion and climbs up to the roof – where, through a skylight, he sees that Chase has had Sarah placed beside the rapidly germinating pod. "I must know what happens when the Krynoid touches human flesh," breathes Chase. The pod begins to open . . .

PART FOUR

The Doctor hurls himself through the skylight and violently overpowers Chase and his minions to rescue Sarah. The pod opens and the tendril infects Keeler. The Doctor hides Sarah, but is recaptured by Scorby and taken to a room where a crushing machine which compacts all organic waste into garden fertiliser is housed.

Sarah sees Keeler taken into a cottage on the estate. Chase waits eagerly to see the rapidly mutating Keeler's final form – but receives an unwanted visit from Amelia Ducat, who demands payment for her painting. In the mansion corridors, Sarah secretly tells Miss Ducat to warn Sir Colin of the situation; she then rescues the Doctor from the crushing machine. They make for the cottage. But Chase has had meat fed to the Krynoid; growing stronger, it has broken its bonds and escaped.

Miss Ducat is working for Sir Colin, and Dunbar realises the dreadful mistake he made selling his information to Chase. He confronts Chase and asks him to destroy the Krynoid, but is forced to flee from Scorby and his guards. The Doctor and Sarah hear screams as Dunbar runs into the Krynoid – now a huge mound of vegetation. Dunbar is killed, and the colossus bears down upon the Doctor and Sarah . . .

PART FIVE

The arrival of Scorby and his men distracts the Krynoid. The guards flee with the Doctor and Sarah to the cottage where the monster attempts to break in; it is still growing, and by dawn it will be large enough to crush the building. Scorby hurls a Molotov cocktail at the Krynoid and, in the confusion, the Doctor escapes in the chauffeur's car and goes to summon help. Sarah and Scorby make for the mansion and barricade themselves in.

Chase goes out to photograph the creature and survives when he comes into contact with it. The Doctor arrives at WEB where Sir Colin has called in Major Beresford of UNIT; there are reports of Krynoid-controlled vegetation attacking people in the vicinity of the house. Chase returns to the mansion strangely possessed, and Scorby and Sarah are attacked by the vegetation in Chase's greenhouse. They are saved by the arrival of the Doctor and UNIT's Sergeant Henderson, who use a military defoliant on the greenery. The Doctor, Sarah, Scorby and Henderson get all the plants out of the laboratory area and dump them in the courtyard – but Chase locks them outside as the towering Krynoid looms over them . . .

PART SIX

The Krynoid comes under attack from Beresford and his laser-equipped team; the Doctor's party evade the creature and enter the house via another door. They continue to man the barricades, but Chase attacks Henderson and feeds him into the crushing machine. Scorby's nerve snaps and he bolts from the mansion, only to be dragged under a lake by vegetation and drowned. Looking for Henderson, Sarah is overpowered by Chase and placed in the crusher. Meanwhile, the Doctor radios an order to Beresford to have the RAF bomb both the Krynoid and the house before the creature can spore.

In a vicious fight, the Doctor manages to rescue Sarah from the lethal crushing machine; Chase falls into it himself, and is pulped. The pair battle their way through the vegetation using steam and vacate the area just as the RAF missiles destroy both house and Krynoid. Disaster averted, the Doctor and Sarah plan a holiday in Cassiopeia, but the TARDIS takes them straight back to Antarctica . . .

Post-explosion, a dazed Doctor raises himself from the Antarctic tundra

"You must help yourselves . . ."

In Camp Five's sick bay, the Doctor suggests that the infected Winlett could be saved if his arm is amputated.

MOBERLEY What good will that do? Can't you see the infection's all over his body?
THE DOCTOR Yes, but the arm's the source of the infection. It might stop it spreading.
MOBERLEY You say "might". What you mean is you don't know.
THE DOCTOR Well of course I don't know. But it'll give you a breathing space while you try and find an antidote. That's a chance worth taking, isn't it?
MOBERLEY And who's going to perform this operation?
THE DOCTOR Oh, you are, Moberley. You're the only one who can.
MOBERLEY But I'm no surgeon. What about you? You're a doctor!
THE DOCTOR You must help yourselves.

From The Seeds of Doom
Part One
by Robert Banks Stewart

In Production

BBC Video [1] Athelhampton House [1]

> **"Having made the series more adult, we ran up against the line dividing what is acceptable to Saturday tea-time viewing and what is not"**
>
> **Philip Hinchcliffe**

Producer Philip Hinchcliffe and script editor Robert Holmes had originally intended to end *Doctor Who*'s 13th season with a two-part story followed by a four-part story. In early 1975, the series' production and transmission schedule had been subject to much rearrangement when the new season was brought forward from a January 1976 start to September 1975; the decision was influenced by the perceived threat from *Space: 1999*, a new big-budget ITC film series produced by Gerry and Sylvia Anderson, which ITV were rumoured to have scheduled in that autumn's early Saturday evening slot. Thus Robert Banks Stewart's *Secret of Loch Ness* (latterly *Terror of the Zygons*) was shifted from the end of Season Twelve to the start of Season Thirteen; accordingly, production ran almost continuously from September 1974 through to December 1975.

The proposed two-parter – Eric Pringle's *The Angurth*, a serial centred around sacrifices to living rocks – had been commissioned late in the summer of 1975. When this story hit problems, Hinchcliffe approached Bill Slater, Head of Drama Serials, and asked if Season Thirteen could be truncated to 24 episodes. Slater refused, and instead it was decided to expand a four-part idea discussed with writer Robert Banks Stewart – possibly as early as June 1975 – to six episodes. (Since *Terror of the Zygons*, Stewart had co-scripted a BBC/Time Life television serial, *The Legend of Robin Hood*.)

Stewart's new storyline was based around the notion of a giant alien plant growing from an infected human. The idea – a homage to Nigel Kneale's groundbreaking 1953 BBC serial *The Quatermass Experiment*, a film version of which had launched Hammer Film Productions into the horror field two years later – was approved of by Holmes and Hinchcliffe. Both Kneale and Stewart's storylines concern a man infected with an alien growth which spreads up his arm to transform his body into a mass of vegetation; hungry to absorb animal life, the expanding alien creature eventually threatens to spore and germinate across the Earth. In particular, Holmes liked the suggestion that the monster would not be evil *per se*, merely an organic life-form following its natural pattern of growth to survive. The concept of hostile vegetable life was also familiar to Stewart from John Wyndham's 1951 novel *The Day of the Triffids*.

Akin to episodes of *The Avengers*, a series which Stewart had written for in 1965, the writer had put forward an offbeat crime story featuring standard thriller characters and larger-than-life eccentrics; these included plant-loving millionaire Harrington Chase (later Harrison Chase) and

SCRIPT CHANGES

There were a few changes made to the script either very early on or during production to remove dialogue or script elements considered too strong for a family audience. These included: comments like Stevenson's "My God . . . look!" upon seeing the mutating Winlett in Part One and Scorby's "Stiff as a board" upon finding Winlett's corpse in Part Two; Scorby's slapping of the Doctor's face during the interrogation at Camp 5 later in the same episode; the Doctor swigging the rescue party's whisky at the start of Part Three; Scorby telling the Doctor to say his prayers when placed in the crusher in Part Four; and Scorby's recipe for a Molotov cocktail – "Paraffin and lighter fuel. Never fails" – in Part Five. Originally, upon finding the Ducat painting in the car boot in Part Three, the Doctor was to remark: "Hardly a passion for a gunman." Chase's dialogue about his ancestor Sir Bothwell Chase was added later.

elderly botanical artist Amelia Ducat. The monster of the piece was called a Crynoid (or Crinoid) after a lily-shaped echinoderm (a class of animals including the sea-urchin).

Due to their being developed at very short notice for an October recording, director Douglas Camfield had a great deal of input into the scripts. Now a freelancer in high demand, Camfield had returned to *Doctor Who* earlier that year to direct *Terror of the Zygons*; he had mainly been working on Euston Films' *The Sweeney*.

To extend the narrative by two episodes, it was decided by Holmes and Stewart to append a small adventure to the start; in this case, the story of how a Crinoid pod causes the mutation of a research scientist in Antarctica. Being another homage to a fifties SF thriller – this time *The Thing* (UK title *The Thing From Another World*), which had involved a US scientific expedition in the Arctic – the notion of a creature terrorising a small group in such a remote location appealed to Holmes, Hinchcliffe and Camfield.

A six-part serial was finally commissioned from Stewart on Tuesday 30 September. The scripts were delivered rapidly: Part One on Thursday 2 October, Part Two on Tuesday 7, Part Three on Wednesday 8 and Parts Four to Six on Monday 20 (these last three only one week before recording began). Because of the approaching production dates, Holmes and Camfield worked closely on editing Stewart's work together; indeed, the camera scripts gave the true names for the locations at which Outside Broadcast work would take place – indicating that these venues had already been selected.

One aspect of the storyline was the involvement of UNIT, which at this point Hinchcliffe and Holmes were attempting to phase out. The basic narrative involved UNIT only in the concluding episodes. By this time, Nicholas Courtney, who played the Brigadier, was distancing himself from the show; he had not been available for the recording of *The Android Invasion* in the summer, and his character had been rewritten to become Colonel Faraday. Now, not only was it felt that the Brigadier took too small a role in the narrative to merit Courtney's hire, but the actor was then touring in a stage version of *The Dame of Sark*. Accordingly, the role traditionally allocated to the Brigadier became that of one Major Beresford.

In the script for Part Three, Chase was described as playing "Plonking eerie music" in his greenhouse, part of his *Floriana Suite* dedicated to Linneus [sic] (Linnaeus was the Latinised name of Carl Linne, the 18th century Swedish botanist who developed a system for classifying plants and animals). Where the Doctor hides Sarah in the gardens at the start of Part Four, he was originally to have said that he must destroy the pod while Sarah contacts Sir Colin Thackeray at the World Ecology Bureau. The script for Part Six indicated that Chase's mansion was in open countryside, with UNIT among fields and cows.

The dialogue in Part Three where Amelia Ducat and the Doctor discuss the discovery of her painting in the boot of Chase's Daimler was a pastiche of lines from Oscar Wilde's 1895 play *The Importance of Being Earnest* ("A car boot?! . . . The car is immaterial"). When Scorby says "When it comes to money, Mr Chase and I are of the same religion", the Doctor identifies the misquote as "Franklin Adams, 1881-1960, American humorist" (Adams was a regular columnist for the *New York Times*). At one point, the Doctor gives his age as 749 – as per the previous serial, *The Brain of Morbius*.

The designer assigned to the serial was Jeremy Bear, who had previously worked on *The Mutants*. Barbara Lane had supervised costumes on numerous serials as far back as *The Claws of Axos* (most recently *The Android Invasion*), whereas Ann Briggs, in charge of make-up, gained her first credit. Having been an effects assistant on serials such as *The Green Death*, this was the first *Doctor Who* serial for which Richard Conway received a visual effects design credit.

As pre-production got underway, Bear was taken ill and forced to take three weeks off; Hinchcliffe decided that Roger Murray-Leach, whose work on serials such as *The Ark in Space* he had admired, should take over. Bear's work comprised the Antarctic base sets required for the first studio (which he researched from back issues of *National Geographic*) and the model of the base; as such, it was agreed that he would receive a credit on Parts One and Two alongside Murray-Leach. Murray-Leach informed Hinchcliffe that he believed the exterior Antarctic scenes could be accomplished convincingly on location by the use of appropriate dressing.

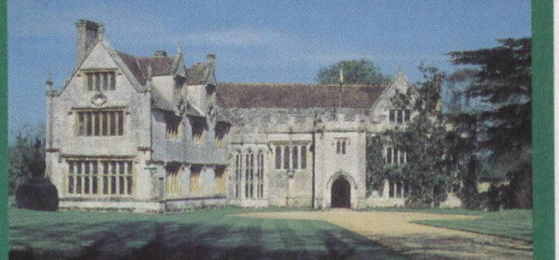
Some sequences for the serial were realised by Conway using models made by Mastermodels Ltd; Conway advised Camfield that the Antarctic sequences would work better if they could be staged at night. Effects footage on 16mm stock was shot at Bray Studios and included establishing shots of Camp 5 (complete with rotating weather vane and explosive cliff-hanger) for Parts One and Two, the experimental generator plant in Part Two, and the giant Krynoid destroying Chase's mansion in Part Six; this final item was shown in slow motion to give a greater sense of size.

The main guest star for the serial was Tony Beckley, cast by Camfield after recalling his prominent role as Camp Freddie in the 1969 movie *The Italian Job*. Having used him as a heavy in an episode of *The Sweeney* (*Stay Lucky, Eh?*, which also featured Ray Barron, who played Sergeant Henderson), Camfield cast John Challis as Scorby; Challis became best known as Boycie in *Only Fools and Horses*.

To allow smoother use of CSO to create the giant Krynoid, Camfield opted to record the exterior scenes using an Outside Broadcast video camera rather than 16mm film. Because the scripts were so late being completed, Camfield took a portable typewriter with which to plan his shots meticulously each evening for the following day, adding new dialogue to the script as he went. Thursday 30 October, the first day at Athelhampton, began with the main gate scenes showing the Doctor and Sarah arriving in the Daimler in Part Three and continued with the Doctor's escape in the Daimler in Part Five. After this, night recording for several Part Four scenes was conducted: Dunbar's flight across the courtyard, Miss Ducat's arrival at the main gate and her conversation with Sir Colin in the car, and Sarah emerging from the recess in the tower.

The next day, Hallowe'en, also involved day and night recording. Taping began with the scenes showing guards pursuing the Doctor and Sarah beside the arches in Part Three (having cast him in *The Sweeney* months earlier, Camfield employed David Masterman as the principal guard), followed by Scorby's being overpowered later in the same episode. The flight of the Doctor and Sarah through a side door to the gardens was then recorded, followed by Scorby's meeting the captured Sarah by the front door and Scorby's escape from the house in Part Six (which was not used in the final edit). The crew then moved to the ornamental gardens to shoot the Doctor and Sarah running into Scorby in Part Three, after which sequences showing first Scorby and then the Doctor and Sarah fighting their way through visual effects' moving foliage was recorded near the Queen Victoria statue. It had been hoped to record three sequences in which the Doctor gives Sarah a piggyback across a stream to evade the guards and their alsatians in Part Three, but this seems to have been postponed to Sunday 2

OB RECORDING ATHELHAMPTON HOUSE



The exterior scenes showing villain Harrison Chase's mansion were recorded at Athelhampton House, six miles east of Dorchester in Dorset. Construction of Athelhampton House began in 1493 for Sir William Martyn, then Lord Mayor of London; it was named after King Athelstan (the house reputedly stands on the site of his palace). The venue was found by production assistant Graeme Harper, who was seeking a Tudor house around Dorchester while production unit manager Janet Radenkovic scouted the Weymouth region. The owners, the Cooke family, were intrigued by the notion of having *Doctor Who* recorded there; Harper returned a few days later with Camfield to strike the deal. The house, which had previously appeared in the 1972 movie *Sleuth* and television special *Goodies Rule – OK?*, is open to the public between April and October. Promotional literature in 1976 referred to it as appearing as 'Xanadu' in *Doctor Who* (although Chase's mansion was not named on screen).

COSTUME THE KRYNOID

The humanoid Krynoid was an adapted version of an Axon outfit made by Events Suits for costume supervisor Barbara Lane for 1971's *The Claws of Axos* – albeit now painted green instead of red. The costume was dressed with tufts of hair to indicate the mutated human it once was, but these were removed before its use in later recordings. The large Krynoid housed two operators and was a 'walking tent' affair based on a plasticine model made by Lane and propelled by two extras who also operated both the breathing mechanism and tentacles that hung down from it. Director Douglas Camfield used many low angled shots of the Krynoid to make it appear more awesome.

November. Problems arose when sound supervisor Vic Godrich wanted a wild track of the guard dogs barking, and used his own dog to get them started. However, a fight between the dogs began which culminated in one of the alsatians biting through the boot of its handler, who was playing a guard.

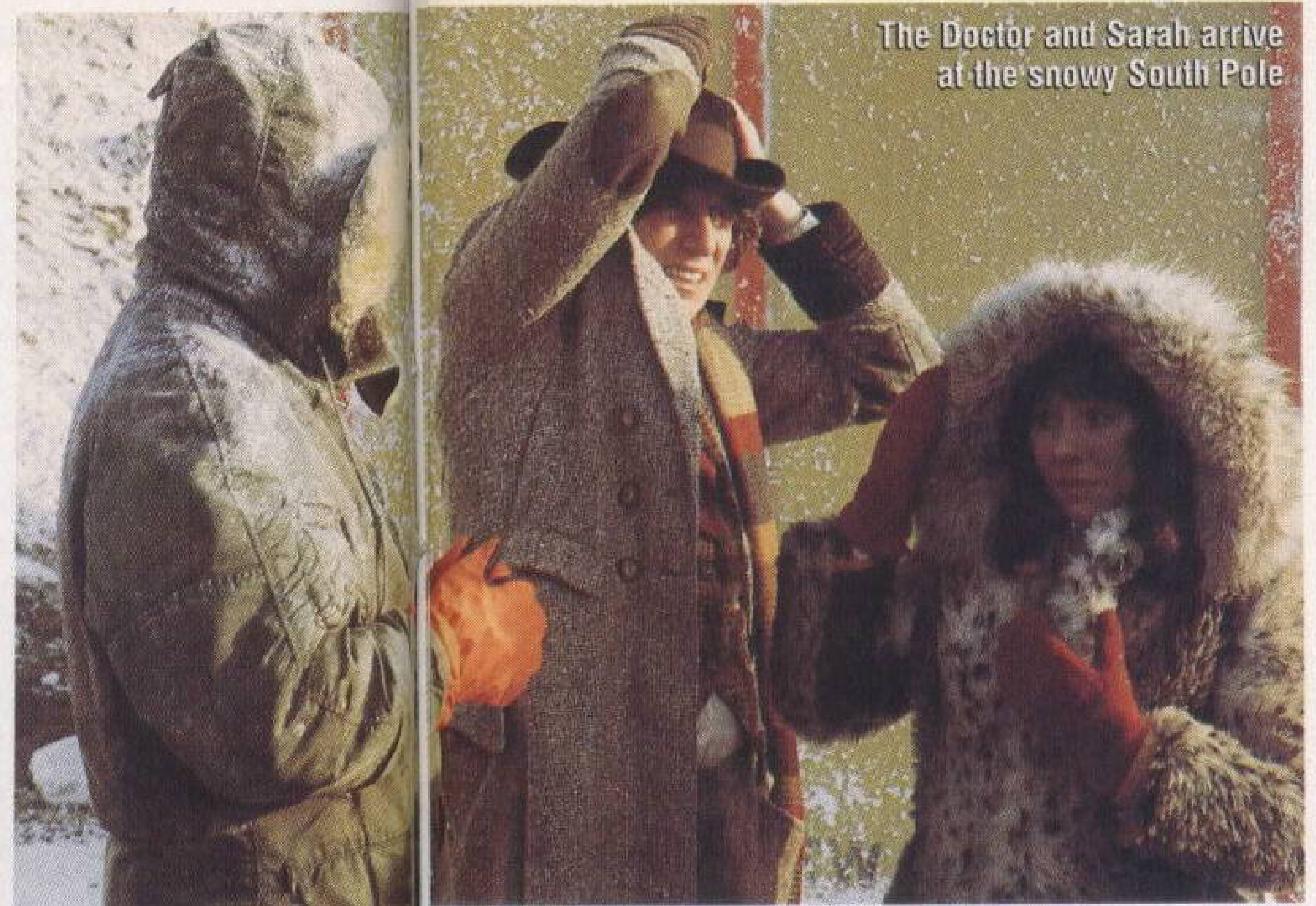
Photocalls were held during the day for the show's stars, Tom Baker and Elisabeth Sladen, and also for Challis and the two versions of the Krynoid monster. Many of these were posed shots – notably those showing Keith Ashley in the humanoid Krynoid costume, which did not feature in any of the house OB scenes (Ashley was one of the large Krynoid operators). The first use of the large Krynoid was during the Hallowe'en night filming, which consisted of the chase and death of Dunbar bridging Parts Four and Five. That night, the cast sat around a roaring fire in the estate cottage telling each other creepy stories until they were called to perform; Camfield was very much on Baker's wavelength and, by convincing the star to play the serial 'for real' got what he considered to be a gritty, dangerous performance – as if the Doctor really believed in the monster.

Saturday 1 November began with the establishing shot of the mansion seen in Part One, and continued with the Part Three scenes on the terrace showing the Doctor helping Sarah over the wall, plus scenes featuring the Doctor by the hole in the tower wall and the Doctor leaving Sarah hidden at the start of Part Four. The cameras moved to the other side of the terrace wall to record Sarah being lowered by the Doctor. A scene showing Scorby and his guards at the Queen Victoria statue was taped next.

The crew then moved to the riverside cottage on the estate to record both several establishing shots for CSO sequences and the Doctor's escape in Part Five. This was followed by the Part Four scene in which Hargreaves and Chase help the mutating Keeler into the cottage and the Part Five scene in which Chase watches the Krynoid. Night recording at the cottage included Sarah watching Chase and Hargreaves in Part Four, Sarah and the Doctor leaving the cottage in Part Four and more establishing shots for the giant Krynoid scenes in Part Five.

The first scenes to be recorded on Sunday 2 were those in which Chase meets the Krynoid in the bamboo wood (Part Five), Sarah is recaptured by the guards in the simulated woods area (Part Three), and a guard is found strangled by the vine (Part Five). Part Six scenes showing Beresford and his laser team attacking the Krynoid were then taped in the dovecote area, followed by the Doctor's entering the mansion in Part Three. The remainder of the day was spent in the courtyard recording: Keeler being carried out in Part Four, the Doctor and Henderson's arrival in Part Five and the dumping of the plants which spanned Parts Five and Six. It was here that on one take, Challis found that the 'locked' door essential to the cliff-hanger was in fact open, causing the actor to curse. This was immortalised on tape and screened in summer 1976 as part of the television retrospective season *Festival 40*, and is shown on a tape loop at the Museum of the Moving Image on London's South Bank.

The final day, Monday 3, was largely devoted to UNIT scenes in Part Six: Beresford and his men watching the Krynoid from the promenade; UNIT meeting Sir Colin at the gatehouse; and UNIT watching Red Leader's missile run from the log area. For this final day, production assistant Graeme Harper asked Lane to provide two khaki jumpers for himself and Camfield, as they were running production like an army unit; Camfield became irate, however, when he noticed that Harper sported a colonel's pips whereas he had only a sergeant's insignia. The final scene to be recorded was Scorby's Part Six demise at the riverbank. On the first attempt, the camera slid down the bank to reveal the special effects crew pulling Challis under; the actor was paid a bottle of brandy to perform a second take in the freezing river.



The Doctor and Sarah arrive at the snowy South Pole

Rehearsals at the BBC's Acton facility began a couple of days later – as did health problems for several cast members. One actor hired by Camfield was injured in a car crash and his part hurriedly recast; in addition, an outbreak of 'flu worked its way through the team. Playing the Antarctic scientists were Welsh actor Hubert Rees (who had featured in both *Fury From the Deep* and *The War Games*, and had been cast by Camfield in *The Sweeney* a few months earlier), Michael McStay (also cast by Camfield in *The Sweeney* the previous year) and John Gleeson (a *Genesis of the Daleks* alumni). The first two days' recording were devoted to the Parts One and Two Antarctic scenes. Scenes set in Chase's Mansion were left for the third and final block, thus neither Beckley nor Seymour Green were required.

> "If Tom Baker didn't look as though he believed in the monsters, you'd lose your audience in an instant" **Graeme Harper**

BBC Video [4]

Studio recording commenced on Monday 17 and Tuesday 18 November in TC4; recording would run between 7.30 and 10pm on all six evenings. Recording for Part One was dictated by the Winlett's mutating stages, beginning with Gleeson in partially infected green face make-up (Phase A) for where Moberley and Stevenson find him in the Arctic Lab. After this, Gleeson went to be made up more and don the Krynoid body (Phase B) while the two scenes set in Dunbar's Office were recorded. Recording resumed with scenes showing Winlett in the Sick Bay following the Doctor and Sarah's arrival. A small amount of out-of-sequence recording then allowed a later Arctic Lab scene to be recorded while Gleeson's facial make-up was progressed again to the 'bipedic Krynoid' stage (Phase C); the Krynoid emitted an earthy rattle, its voice distorted in the same way as the Zygons' had been in Camfield's previous serial.

Two linked sets: the General Lab . . .

. . . and Chase's Greenhouse

Recording continued to the episode climax, after which Gleeson had all his make-up removed and the scene in which the Doctor and Sarah arrive at the camp was taped, followed by a number of CSO shots involving location material. Photographic images of the Arctic were provided by Ardea Photographics and CSO was used to show the Doctor, Sarah and Stevenson against five feet of 16mm Antarctic stock film (a plan to CSO the Doctor over a shot of the model base in Part Two was abandoned). With Gleeson as the uninfected Winlett, the opening Arctic Lab scenes were taped. The opening of the pod was recorded on videodisk; the tendril was uncoiled from Gleeson's arm, and this was then played in reverse onto the recording tape.

With these scenes completed, Kenneth Gilbert went back to his dressing room to change and noticed some odd spots on his back – the first sign that he had contracted chicken pox from his daughter. It was soon clear that he would not be able to work for the next three weeks.

The following evening, Tuesday 18, Part Two was taped largely in set order, starting with all the scenes in the Crew Quarters, then the Arctic Lab, followed by Sick Bay and the passage outside it. Most of the Krynoid scenes, with Gleeson now in full monster outfit, were taped at the end of the evening in the Power Unit Reactor Room; there was also a brief scene showing the creature returning to the base. This episode used four feet of 16mm stock detailing a plane taxiing through snow for Scorby and Keeler's departure.

Rehearsals continued for another fortnight leading up to the second block, which also took place in TC4. Recording on Monday 1 December concentrated on scenes for Parts Three and Four, starting with Part Three scenes in the Special Projects Lab, up to the start of Part Four where stuntman Terry Walsh doubled for Baker as the Doctor leaped through the skylight from the small roof set. While the reverse shot of the pod opening was prepared for taping on videodisk, a brief scene showing the Doctor at the top of a staircase was recorded. Other Part Three scenes recorded next included: the Doctor and Sarah's visit to Amelia's Dwelling; Chase meeting the Doctor and Sarah in the Library and the subsequent scene in the General Lab; Chase playing the *Hymn of the Plants* in the Main Greenhouse and the Doctor moving along the mansion corridors. At the end of the evening, a special effects shot of a vine breaking the telephone cable for Part Five was recorded, plus the opening and closing titles to Parts Three to Six.

Taping for Part Four on Tuesday 2 again had to allow make-up breaks for Mark Jones, who played the mutating Keeler; in the first stage – as seen in the opening scenes in the Special Projects Lab – his head and arms were stained green, after which he went back to make-up. Scenes in the General Lab for Part Four and one for Part Five (Scorby and Sarah returning to find Chase gone) were taped next before the cameras moved to the Cottage Bedroom. Jones performed his next scene wearing the Krynoid body but with his face still visible, and then returned to make-up while Scorby's hurling of his Molotov cocktail in Part Five and the Library scene between Chase and Amelia were taped. Returning to the Cottage Bedroom, Jones performed two scenes in the final stages of mutation, and then donned the full Krynoid costume for the scene in which the creature escapes. A number of mansion corridor scenes were then recorded, followed by all Dunbar's Office scenes for Parts Five and Six and Chase on the radio in the General Lab at the start of Part Five.

During rehearsals for the final block, two further days' OB recording were conducted on Sunday 7 and Monday 8 at the Buckland Sand and Silica Company Ltd at Buckland in Surrey. Recording on the Sunday morning began in the sandpits with the sequence in which the chauffeur stops the car and attacks the Doctor and Sarah. The chauffeur was played by stuntman Alan Chuntz, a rare credited appearance after many years' work on *Doctor Who* (including Camfield's *Inferno* and *The Web of Fear*).

Taping continued with the Antarctic scenes. The quarry was sprayed with granulated polystyrene and a foam which dried quickly to a crunchy consistency (falling special effects snow was later superimposed on many of these shots to simulate a blizzard). The first two scenes planned for recording – the Krynoid beside the power unit and the Doctor and Sarah's arrival – were postponed to the following day, so recording began in the trench where the Doctor finds the second pod, followed by the return of the Doctor, Sarah and Stevenson to the camp in Part Two. The remainder of the evening was spent recording scenes at the power unit showing both the Doctor's party arriving and leaving and the Krynoid on a snowy ridge.

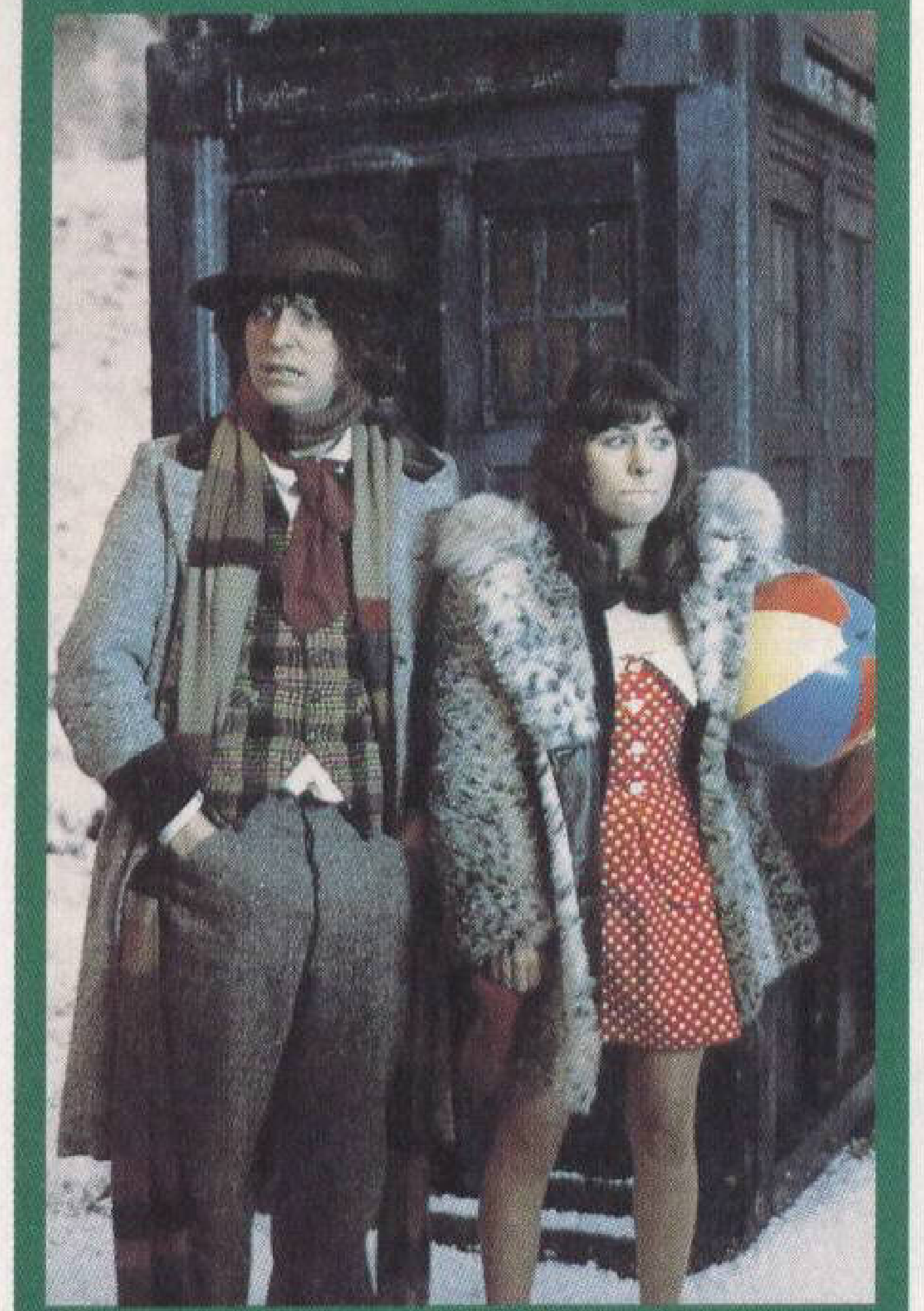
Monday 8 began with the completion of the fight between the Doctor and the chauffeur at the hopper; here, Terry Walsh doubled for Baker. Gleeson then performed his single scene as Winlett (the discovery of the pod), after which two Part Two sequences outside the camp were taped (Scorby with Sarah captive and the Doctor searching for Sarah). Most of the rest of the afternoon was spent on scenes on the snowy ridges, culminating in the cliffhanger to Part Two and the arrival of the marines in the snowcat in Part Three. Doctor Chester was played by Ian Fairbairn, who had three previous *Doctor Who* credits (*The Macra Terror*, *The Invasion* and *Inferno* – the last two for Camfield).

Sarah falls foul of gun-toting mercenary Scorby (John Challis)

THE SEEDS OF DOOM

ORIGINAL ENDING

The original closing scene for the serial – and the season – as re-written on Friday 21 November had the Doctor and the holidaying Sarah emerging from the TARDIS to find themselves back in Antarctica. The Doctor explains that he must have



forgotten to cancel the course co-ordinate programme: "You remember we originally intended to come out here in the Tardis and then decided that an aeroplane would be less conspicuous. The Tardis is a bit like a lift. If you press the button for the second floor and then the button for the basement, you've got to go to the second floor before you . . ." Whereupon Sarah pushes the Doctor back inside the TARDIS, saying: "Let's get on our way before I freeze to death . . ."

The final sequence to be recorded, in failing light, was the closing scene in which the Doctor and Sarah appear outside the newly-materialised TARDIS. This sequence was rewritten on location as a more light-hearted season conclusion. Here, the original TARDIS prop from 1963 collapsed on top of Sladen, and plans were made to build a new one for the next season.

With a recovered Gilbert rejoining the cast, recording in TC8 on Monday 15 December began with the postponed Dunbar scenes on a number of sets: the General Lab and Greenhouse scenes in Parts One and Three, the study/library in Parts Two and Four and the two Part Three scenes in Dunbar's Office. Recording in Dunbar's Office also included the scene between Sir Colin and Amelia in Part Five.

Part Five was then recorded on a set-by-set basis, starting with all the downstairs Cottage scenes for Part Five and then doubling back for the two brief downstairs scenes in Part Four. The cameras then moved over to the linked sets of the General Lab and Greenhouse for the Part Five scenes in which the plants attack Sarah's party (the plant close-ups were recorded on videodisk so they could be slowed down or played backwards). Taping concluded with the corridor scenes at the very end of the episode.

On Tuesday 16 December, a morning recording was scheduled for between 11am and 12 noon in the cold winter air outside the main doors of Television Centre, which featured as the exterior of the WEB building in two brief scenes in Parts Three and Five.

BBC Video [2]

In the evening recording, the Part Five telephone conversation cutting between the General Lab and Dunbar's Office was recorded first, followed by the first hint of the Krynoid's attack on the General Lab in Part Five. Part Six's General Lab scenes were then recorded in order, followed by Part Six's Corridor scenes. Inserted during recording was 17 feet of 16mm stock film which showed five RAF Phantoms both in flight and firing missiles; this was supplied by World Backgrounds for use as the attack in Part Six.

The season's final recording took place on the Compost Crusher Room set for scenes in Parts Four and Six. By now, Baker was losing his temper with the script which, he remarked, was only fit to be fed into the shredder prop with all the other rubbish. This outburst was observed in the control gallery by Stewart, who descended to the studio floor; a speechless Baker then defused the situation with an apology. As the cast departed for Christmas, Sladen announced her decision to leave *Doctor Who*, having been forced to turn down a movie role because of her commitment to it; she agreed, however, to stay on for the first two stories of the next season.

In editing, Hinchcliffe forced Camfield to remove a particularly harrowing sequence from Part One which showed the suffering Winlett hearing the approaching plane, turning his head to stare at the roof, attempting to rise and then giving an agonising groan as he sinks back again. The remaining cuts were largely for timing reasons. Part Two lost some shots of the Krynoid struggling to open the power unit door. Part Three lost four sections: in the opening scene at Chase's, dialogue in which Scorby tells his boss how difficult it had been getting the pod was trimmed; a Lab scene in which Keeler tells Chase that the pod is already changing was cut; a brief OB sequence in which the Doctor enters the house was removed; and a short scene in which Keeler expresses his concern at the sound of gunfire outside, while Chase claims to have seen the pod move. Part Four lost numerous brief scenes intercutting shots of Sarah creeping around the mansion with shots of the Doctor in the crusher, and a short sequence showing the Doctor and Sarah running from the cottage. In Part Five, which overran, both an OB sequence in which Chase leaves the house with his camera and a brief scene in which Chase watches Sergeant Henderson in the mansion corridor were dropped.

WRITER ROBERT BANKS STEWART

Apart from an initial storyline titled *The Foe from the Future* (which formed the basis for Robert Holmes' *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* the following year), *The Seeds of Doom* was Robert Banks Stewart's last work on *Doctor Who*. After scripts for the BBC's *Sutherland's Law* and HTV's *Search and Rescue*, he moved to Thames Television as script editor on *Armchair Thriller* and wrote for *Charles Endell Esquire*. Subsequently his television career included the development and production of BBC and ITV film series such as *Shoestring*, *Bergerac*, *Lovejoy*, *Call Me Mister*, *The Darling Buds of May* and *Moon and Son*.

As with *Terror of the Zygons*, Camfield used composer Geoffrey Burgon in preference to the series' usual musician, Dudley Simpson. Burgon contributed around 55 minutes' conventional music for this, his second and final *Doctor Who*. His working relationship with the series ended when Camfield moved on, but he continued to produce orchestral scores for some notable television shows such as *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, *Brideshead Revisited*, *Z for Zachariah* and *The Chronicles of Narnia*, plus motion pictures including *Monty Python's Life of Brian*.

The episodes were dubbed in the New Year: Part One on Thursday 8 January, Two on Friday 9, Three (edited on Monday 12) on Monday 19, Four on Thursday 22, Five (edited on Thursday 15) on Monday 2 February and Six on Tuesday 3 February. Panic ensued during January when the Part One master tape was misplaced shortly before broadcast; with the spool lost in a library of identical tapes, consideration was given to re-editing the existing material, but fortunately the offending print was unearthed in time for transmission.

The serial changed time slots during its run; Part One was scheduled late after an extra cartoon, Part Two ran early because of the Winter Olympics and Part Three was scheduled later because of FA Cup football coverage. The *Radio Times* listing for Part One incorporated a piece of artwork showing the Doctor and Sarah in an icy climate. There was also some publicity for Part Two in *The Sun*, which ran a piece about Barbara Lane titled *Barbara is Mum to a Monster*.

The Seeds of Doom maintained impressively high ratings; its first and last episodes were in the Top 20 shows of the week. The main opposition came in the form of the partially networked talent show *New Faces*; other regions aired pop show *Supersonic* (LWT), fantasy adventure *The Magician* (Southern), *Candid Camera Classics* (Southern) and two science fiction series – *The Six Million Dollar Man* (ATV) and the animated *Return to the Planet of the Apes*.

> "I believe the viewers want more horror, not less, and the children are among our most bloodthirsty clients"
>
> **Douglas Camfield**

Several reviewers latched onto the alien pod theme, comparing Part One with the 1956 SF movie *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. In the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday 2 February, Sylvia Clayton remarked on both the Krynoid threat and Baker dressing like "an Oxfam jumble sale". On Sunday 7 March, the day after the season's final episode, the *Sunday Times*' Professor Alan Thompson commented on the morality of *Doctor Who*'s scientist hero, and recommended it for both children and grown-ups. However, clean-up TV campaigner Mary Whitehouse objected strongly to the serial's depiction of "strangulation . . . by obscene vegetable matter" and references to a Molotov cocktail. The *Daily Mail* picked up on Mrs Whitehouse's criticism, but went on to say that it was the responsibility of parents to stop very small children from seeing potentially frightening material. A letter to the same paper from a younger viewer dismissed the Krynoid's plan as stupid; it was killing the animals it needed to produce its carbon dioxide.

In autumn 1976, it was decided that *The Seeds of Doom* should be one of three serials repeated before Christmas to bridge the enforced gap between *The Deadly Assassin* and *The Face of Evil*. *The Seeds of Doom* was provisionally scheduled for Saturday 11 December in a 90-minute slot; on Friday 3 December, Camfield wrote out detailed notes on how to remove between six and nine minutes' worth of material from each episode (the largest portion being from Part Three). However, in the following few days it was decided to schedule a Gerry Anderson pilot film *Into Infinity* in its place.

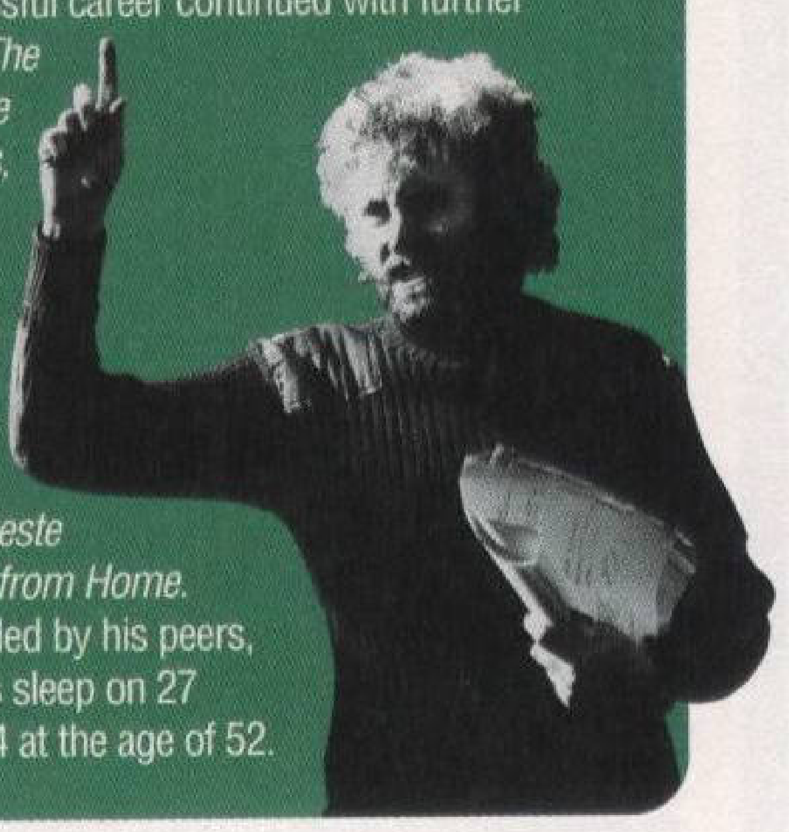
Philip Hinchcliffe novelised Stewart's scripts as *Doctor Who and the Seeds of Doom*, abridging the dialogue and removing the Amelia Ducat subplot. Written in his final months as producer, this was Hinchcliffe's first novelisation and was published in paperback by Target in February 1977 with a cover by Chris Achilleos; the hardback was issued by WH Allen the following month. An American Pinnacle Books edition with a cover by David Mann appeared in March 1980. The British edition was also rebound with Terrance Dicks' *Doctor Who and the Deadly Assassin* to form one of Star's *Doctor Who Classics* books in May 1989.

TROS screened *The Seeds of Doom* in the Netherlands from July to September 1976 as *De zaden van het kwaad*; as a result of viewer complaints about horror and violence, TROS dropped *Doctor Who*. Dubai took the serial around 1977. Australia received the serial in February 1978 and screened the serial uncut with a 'G' rating later in the year. *The Seeds of Doom* formed part of a package of stories sold to the USA via Time Life in 1978; the episodes were edited and an expository narration by actor Howard da Silva was dubbed over them. New Zealand screened the show in June/July 1979 and repeated it in April 1987; Canada and Chile also aired it in 1979. The serial was remarketed in North America in the early eighties by Lionheart; it is also screened as a TV Movie of two hours and 16 minutes' duration.

SuperChannel showed *The Seeds of Doom* several times on satellite in August/September 1987, August 1988 and May 1989; it has also been screened on UK Gold in episodic and compilation forms in October 1993, October/November 1995 and April and July 1997. The serial was released by BBC Video as a two-tape set in August 1994 with a cover painting by Colin Howard. **DWM**

DIRECTOR DOUGLAS CAMFIELD

Although he enjoyed *Doctor Who* a great deal and was often tempted to return (notably for *The Five Doctors*), Douglas Camfield's final work on the show was *The Seeds of Doom* (an unused storyline about the Foreign Legion to have written out the character of Sarah Jane Smith excepted; the subject was a particular fascination of his). Keen to leave the *Doctor Who* treadmill, his highly successful career continued with further episodes of *The Sweeney*, *The Professionals*, *Target*, *The Onedin Line*, *Danger UXB*, *Shoestring*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Nightmare Man*, *Beau Geste* and *Missing from Home*. Highly regarded by his peers, he died in his sleep on 27 January 1984 at the age of 52.



SERIAL 4L THE SEEDS OF DOOM

CAST **Tom Baker** *Doctor Who* with **John Gleeson** *Charles Winlett* [1-2], **Michael McStay** *Derek Moberley* [1-2], **Hubert Rees** *John Stevenson* [1-2], **Kenneth Gilbert** *Richard Dunbar* [1-4], **Seymour Green** *Hargreaves* [1,3-5], **Tony Beckley** *Harrison Chase*, **John Challis** *Scorby*, **Michael Barrington** *Sir Colin Thackeray* [1,3-6], **Elisabeth Sladen** *Sarah Jane Smith*, **Mark Jones** *Arnold Keeler* [1-4], **Ian Fairbairn** *Doctor Chester* [3], **Alan Chuntz** *Chauffeur* [3], **Sylvia Coleridge** *Amelia Ducat* [3-5], **David Masterman** *Guard Leader* [3-4], **Harry Fielder** *Guard* [4], **Mark Jones** *The Krynoid's Voice* [5], **John Acheson** *Major Beresford* [5-6], **Ray Barron** *Sergeant Henderson* [5-6].

EXTRAS **Patrick Milner**, **Ronald Gough** *Marines*; **Terry Walsh** *Stunt Double for Doctor Who*; **Harry Fielder**, **Pat Gorman**, **Bryan Nolan**, **Ian Elliott** *Guards*; **Ronald Gough**, **Keith Ashley** *The Krynoid*; **Keith Ashley** *Secretary*; **Peter Bailey**, **Rowland Geall**, **Patrick Ginter**, **Tony Snell**, **Barry Summerford**, **Derek Wayland** *UNIT Soldiers*; **Peter Bailey** *Pilot's Voice*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Robert Banks Stewart**. *Fight arranger* **Terry Walsh** [3-4]. *Production Assistant* **Graeme Harper**. *Production Unit Manager* **Janet Radenkovic** [1-4], **George Gallaccio** [5-6]. *Title Music by* **Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Title Sequence* **Bernard Lodge**. *Incidental Music by* **Geoffrey Burgon**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Costume Designer* **Barbara Lane**. *Make-up* **Ann Briggs**. *Visual Effects Designer* **Richard Conway**. *Studio Lighting* **John Dixon**. *Studio Sound* **John Holmes**. *OB Lighting* **Clive Potter**. *OB Sound* **Vic Godrich**. *Film Cameraman* **Keith Hopper** [6]. *Film Editor* **MAC Adams** [6]. *Script Editor* **Robert Holmes**. *Designers* **Roger Murray-Leach** [1-6], **Jeremy Bear** [1-2]. *Producer* **Philip Hinchcliffe**. *Directed by* **Douglas Camfield**. BBC © 1975

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	*Transmitted*	*Time*	*Drn.*	*Rating (pos.)*	*A.App*
Part One	31 January 1976	6.00-6.25pm	24'10"	11.4M (16th)	59%
Part Two	7 February 1976	5.30-5.55pm	24'09"	11.4M (30th)	-
Part Three	14 February 1976	5.55-6.20pm	24'51"	10.3M (32nd)	-
Part Four	21 February 1976	5.45-6.10pm	24'26"	11.1M (23rd)	-
Part Five	28 February 1976	5.45-6.10pm	25'06"	9.9M (26th)	-
Part Six	6 March 1976	5.45-6.10pm	21'51"	11.5M (15th)	-

Out of the Tardis

Elisabeth Sladen

Tenacious Doctor Who newshound Sarah Jane Smith never failed to pose a direct question – but how will her actress alter-ego fare versus 20 searching queries plucked willy-nilly from the TARDIS tin?

Interview **Paul Vyse** Photographs **Robin Prichard** [3]

When have you been most scared?

I think it was last night in this hotel, minus clothes on the fire escape! (laughs) There was a fire alarm, and I went out in my Minnie Mouse T-shirt – everyone else had dressed. I had no shoes on – and if I see that woman who scared me in her nightie again I'll kill her! Luckily there were no photographers present, but I was actually asked for an autograph and I told them where to go!

How did you spend your 18th birthday?

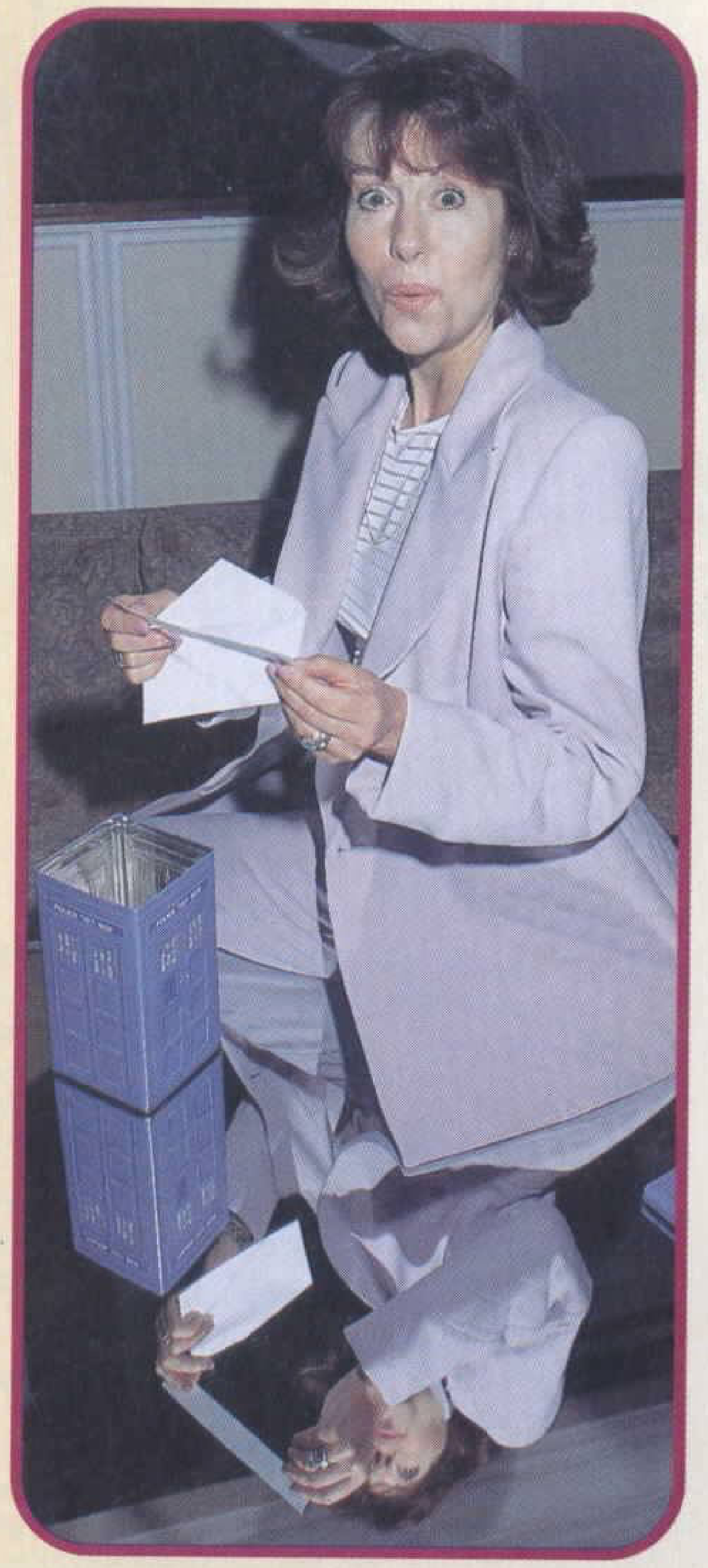
Such a long time ago I can hardly remember! My 18th year was memorable because that was when I left drama school so I suppose, actually, I must have spent my birthday at the Liverpool Playhouse sweeping the stage! I met my husband Brian there while he was doing a play called *The Long, the Short and the Tall* which is set in a jungle, and I had to sweep the stage every night so that they could get the marks down to rehearse again the next day . . . I hope I'm not the only one who can't really remember their 18th!

What is the most embarrassing thing in your wardrobe?

Probably what I'm wearing now! I've run out of things! I feel so sorry for all the fans taking photos of me in all the same outfits, but I don't have an endless supply of new stuff! I'm in delicate mauve today, with shoulder pads and a fat belt, and the mauve nail varnish is from my daughter, Sadie, who said I ought to wear it.

What is the worst play film or TV show you have ever been in?

I think it has to be the very first film I did, *Ferry Cross the Mersey* with Gerry and the Pacemakers, which I did while I was still at drama school. I think we got about eight pounds for doing it, and we were back and forward from Liverpool to Birkenhead I don't know how many times on that bloody boat. I was *green*. I was upgraded, actually – I was just meant to be in the background, but then they chose three of us to stand up at the front with newspapers and a dog in front of us. We had to turn to camera and smile at Gerry. I saw the film when it came out and I thought it would end my career there and then. I sincerely hope it's not available on video – I hope it's been destroyed!



What is the most money you've ever spent on a single luxury?

I'm *so* cheap – I buy everything in the sales! It's against my religion to pay a lot for anything. (thinks) My daughter, probably, has cost me more than anything, but I'm very pleased to spend it on her!

What is/are your middle names?

I'm Elisabeth Clara Heath Sladen. My surname is actually Heath-Sladen, with a hyphen. Clara comes from my grandmother – there's a lifeboat named after her, in fact, down in Salcombe. When I got my Equity card my dear dad, bless him, the most untheatrical person you could meet, said, "Lis, I've been thinking of a stage name for you – keep the Sladen, and call yourself 'Chelis' – 'Ch' for the Clara Heath bit, and 'elis' for the beginning of your first name!" That was so sweet! I actually used to hate the Clara bit of my name when I was little because on the wall at school there was a picture of a cow called Clara . . .

How many Number One singles from the past year can you name?

I can't name actual singles, but if I hear another Spice Girls or Take That track I don't know what I'll do . . . the house is absolutely full of them at the moment. My daughter watches *Top of the Pops*, and I'm not allowed to stay in the same room because I embarrass her. (tries really hard to sing some possible Number Ones but . . .) Maybe I should have passed on that one!

Who should play you in a film of your life?

(without hesitation) My daughter! She'd be absolutely wonderful – especially because since she's seen that *Space girl* spread in **Doctor Who Magazine** [issue 251] she sees me in a whole new light! I loved that! They've brought it into the present – very clever, that.

What mementos of your time on *Doctor Who* have you kept?

Well, I used to have an enormous amount of clothes but I don't any more because I've given them away and auctioned them off. I have a few. I have Sarah Jane's rings, which were mine anyway. I have the script of the very last episode that Tom [Baker] and I did, *The Hand of Fear*. I still have some of the radio scripts. I did have the thing they put on Sarah's forehead in *The Sontaran Experiment*, and the pillow I rested my head on in *The Masque of Mandragora*, but they've been given away now, too. I have the actual outfit from *The Hand of Fear*, and some of the costume from *The Brain of Morbius*.

What do you think has been your most life-changing decision?

I tend to go on instinct rather than make concrete decisions, though nowadays I'm trying to get a little more cerebral and think about what I do. I suppose in terms of career . . . When I was in Los Angeles with Ian Marter in the early eighties I stayed on for a holiday after the convention. Some of the friends I made out there were involved with Paramount Studios, and they offered to take some of my tapes in. I was subsequently called in for some interviews, and then came home to England and didn't think much more about it. A cable then arrived saying that Paramount wanted me for the part of an English girl in a series but I didn't go back for various family reasons. I was recently reading a book on Tom Hanks' life, and he mentioned a series he'd done in America that didn't get shown over here – and it was the show I was up for! So you never know, maybe that was a decision that would have taken me in a different direction.

In which one of the seven deadly sins do you indulge most often: anger, sloth, gluttony, covetousness, envy, pride or lust?

I'm very up and down. Anger, probably. I believe in letting your anger out, and I get very angry about injustice – very like a quality of Sarah's. She always believed that right would win, and usually for her it did. In real life, of course, it isn't like that.

Which soap opera character do you most identify with?

I don't know that I do . . . Is *Friends* a soap? I'd love to say Monica in *Friends* because she tries *so* hard – *too* hard, a bit like me! I'm like a terrier with a bone, sometimes, I just won't let things go. So I'd say I relate to her because of that!

Sean Connery or Roger Moore?

Oh, Sean Canary *every* time. Sorry, Rog!

Have you ever stolen anything?

Yes, a strand of liquorice from the corner shop when I was about ten. And then I told my mum and she made me take it back! Isn't that pathetic?

Who is the most fanciable person you ever worked with on *Doctor Who?*

Oh, Ian Marter. No contest.

Do you have a lucky charm or mascot?

Yes, I do. I have a little bear. It's a little tiny one, about two inches high, who sits on the edge of your dressing table. I used to carry him around the theatres. He was given to me by my husband during *Twelfth Night*, the first play I ever had any lines in. I was only the maid, and he was playing Malvolio – quite young to play Malvolio, but even then he was a character actor – and every time I used to come onto the stage he used to say under his breath, "Oh, God, here she comes again, Sarah Heartburn!" [as in very ancient actress Sarah Bernhardt]

Which part of your body would you most like to change?

(without hesitation) My nose! I hate my nose! I fell on it when I was little and then Sydney Coachan sat on my head, and my nose went all over my face as though a lorry had hit me, and that's why it's crooked to one side. It's too late to consider having it put right now, though.

What is the best joke you know?

I laugh a lot at other people's jokes, but I honestly can't remember. What makes me laugh? Really, really fast repartee – clever dialogue that isn't overplayed. Funny dialogue that's played realistically.

What is your greatest unfulfilled ambition?

I adore thrillers, in particular Raymond Chandler, and I would *love* to be given the chance to play a character in a whodunnit on film, in a play or on TV, where the audience don't know what's coming next. Yes, I'd love to be in a thriller – not necessarily as a baddie, but a character of many layers, involved in a great deal of machination.

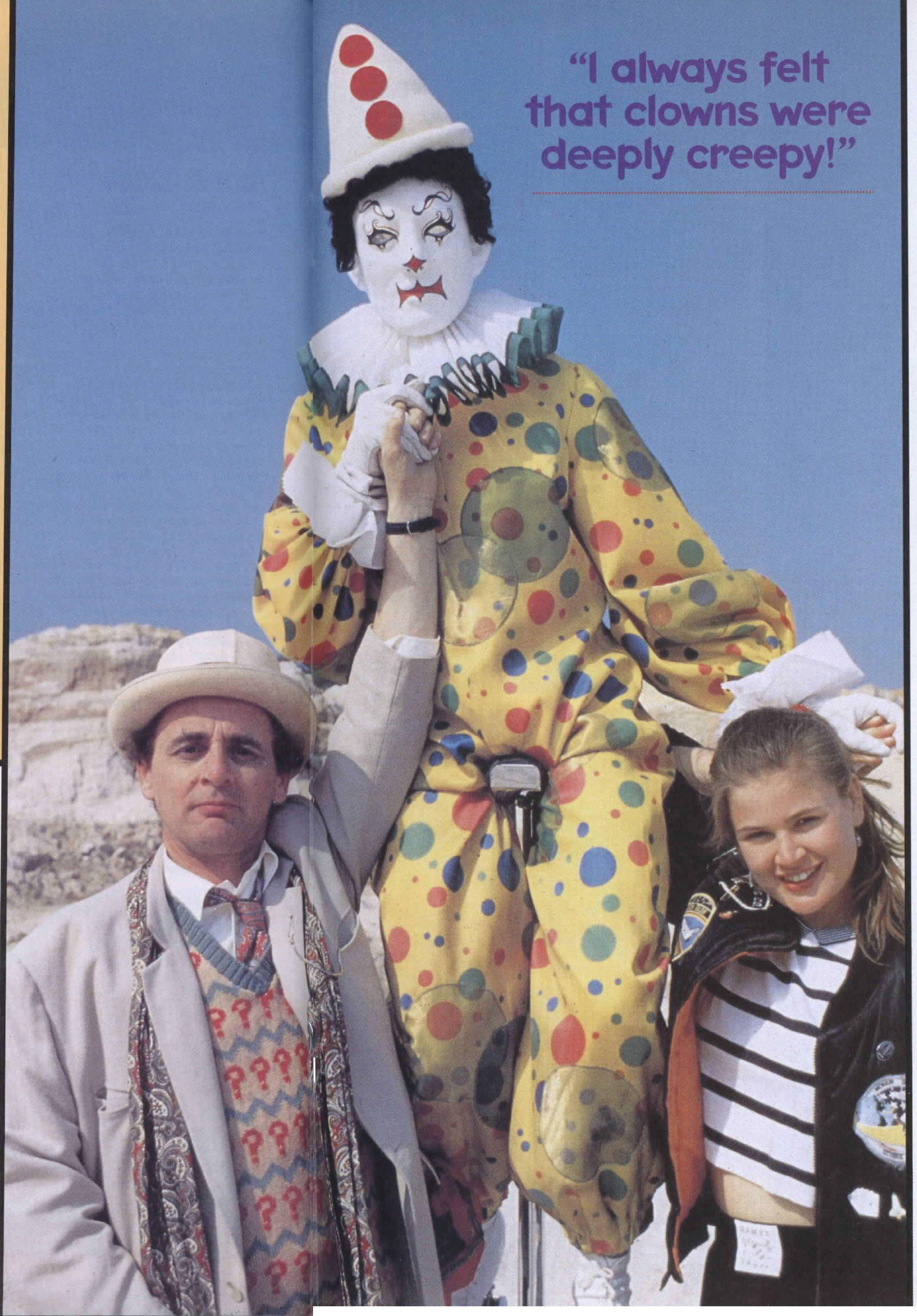
Tell me what you want, what you really, really want . . .

(laughs like a drain and sings the song)

Simplistically, I want a really good, hassle-free holiday this year. I am *so* tired. We've just taken Sadie on a half-term holiday and it was absolutely awful. I'd better not say where we went because the place was absolutely filthy. I just want a good family holiday where we can all relax. That's what I want, what I really, really want . . . **DWM**

Oh what a CIRCUS Oh what a SHOW

Dreaming up both a high rise turned warzone and a Big Top gone bad, writer Stephen Wyatt was responsible for two of *Doctor Who*'s more colourful late eighties serials. Here, he opens up his photo album for DWM – and shares his memories with Peter Griffiths . . .



"I always felt that clowns were deeply creepy!"

"I came to write for *Doctor Who* indirectly, I suppose. I started work in the now-defunct BBC script unit, and rang producers from there on spec. John Nathan-Turner was one of them, and I think I sent him a copy of *Claws*, my *Screen One* comedy about a power struggle in a cat club. When Andrew Cartmel arrived as script editor, he got me in for a chat and we went from there."

So says Stephen Wyatt – and *Paradise Towers*, the eventual result of that "chat", was only the second script he'd written for television. It speaks volumes of *Doctor Who*'s quick turnaround time that it would be transmitted at almost exactly the same time as *Claws*, which was commissioned 18 months earlier. Stephen's first professional job had been as a theatre writer in Coventry, and he spent eight or nine years in theatre and radio before crossing over into television. "*Doctor Who* was Andrew's first script-editing job," recalls Stephen, "but he was brilliantly suited to it, and very supportive. He had inherited Pip and Jane Baker's Rani script [*Time and the Rani*], but he didn't like it. He and they were a complete mismatch of personalities. Andrew wanted to develop ideas he was interested in, and mine was the first to come through the door. I think he quite liked the idea that I'd sent in an ironic comedy of manners rather than a standard piece of science fiction – he was interested in getting away from the planet Grozz and all that sort of stuff which had been going on in the series.

"A lot of the ideas came out of my discussions with him. I suppose his tended to be wackier and more off-the-wall than mine, which were more character-based. With the Kangs [the girl gangs which terrorise the denizens of the eponymous Towers], he was constantly asking for more of the vocabulary: 'That's a dull line – can we have a line where they say something slang?' He wanted a tangential relationship to real life, and although I'm not someone who can easily visualise the future, I've always been interested in science fiction as a way of offering a slightly fantastic version of what's happening now. Both of my stories came out of that philosophy."

In the case of *Paradise Towers*, the philosophy was matched by two sources of inspiration.

Stephen gets taken to the cleaners!

"Andrew asked me what sort of science fiction I liked, and I said JG Ballard. I'd just read his book *High Rise*, about a very high-tech apartment block which ends up going wrong and where all the people go to war with each other. The other motivation came from visiting friends who lived in apartment blocks in the East End. I had had painful experience of kids getting in and pressing all the buttons so the lift goes up and down for hours. The levels weren't signposted, so when the door opened you had no idea which floor you were on. It was a complete nightmare!"

Owing to the very late go-ahead given to Season Twenty-Four by the BBC, *Paradise Towers* was something of a rush job. "It was all done very fast. We pretty much had the basic ideas at the start – the Kangs, the Rezzies, Pex and the Caretakers were all there when I started writing. It was always four parts, shot mainly in the studio. We discussed the story and sorted out the basics, but I didn't submit an outline, which is unusual. There just wasn't time. To an extent, we were making it up as we went along – improvising, if you like. I actually wrote the first draft synopses of episodes two, three and four in six days. I was still at my job with the script unit, so I had to take a week off to do it."

'Improvising' must have caused problems with the plot structure? "Well, yes. Parts of the story I'm very pleased with, but I think episodes two and three are better than the first and last. It's always a problem setting stuff up, and the plot resolution, blowing up Kroagnon, was contrived because of the way we were working. It wasn't organic to the idea, but I think it just about gets away with it. There was a feeling at the time that *Paradise Towers* was quite wordy for a *Doctor Who* script, and indeed a television script. That's possibly true, though a lot of it was cut down. I haven't watched it all the way through for seven years, so I don't know what I'd think of the pace now."

John Nathan-Turner recalled in these pages that he had been a little irked to find himself ▶

Honk, the Squonk and a green Non-Entity

Rummaging around in his attic, Stephen Wyatt turned up an initial set of handwritten notes and five consecutive story outlines for *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*. These document each stage of the story's transition from a three part all-studio tale into something virtually identical to the televised version – and begin with the following embryonic idea:

"Circus built over some buried alien force – a venus fly trap for the Dr. A collector, bored and crazy *a la* Howard Hughes, wants one single example [of everything] for his collection. Circus filled with freaks from various civilizations [plus] sellers of popcorn, builders in boiler suits . . . Two realities – the apparent and the one underneath . . . Ringmaster apparent villain. Granny at the box office. Doctor has to go through psychological and physical tricks. He's funnier than clowns, more agile than the acrobats. Everything is a sinister test, from buying a ticket to finding a seat. Darwinian survival of the fittest . . . Jury of three *a la* Roman arena/*Juke Box Jury* voting destruction or not – Mum, Dad and child comment as if watching television, use push button remote to change act, bring up volume (violence) etc. The characters includes a punk and various representative figures such as a non-entity. Dr has to fight it out. Non-Entity amplifies Dr rage and blows up tent."

The first actual story document is split into three episodes and has evidently progressed some way from the initial notes. The first episode in particular is quite close to the televised second episode, beginning with the Doctor (accompanied by Mel at this stage) entering a "Victorian style circus". They meet the "jolly" Box Office Lady and the Ringmaster, described as a "black Joe Cool". When the Doctor is invited to perform, the circus changes to a high-tech version Mel has been seeing "flashes" of. The other participants are "a punk teenage female werewolf, a mighty Blob, a Thor-style Nordic super-hero and a small green Non-Entity". Mel has a brush with a weird circus animal, and the episode ends with Thor failing to entertain the Family in a tumbling routine and being "splattered".

Episode two begins with Mel talking to the Box Office Lady and hiding from the Chief Clown, much as Ace eventually does. The Blob meets its demise while attempting to tame a ringful of strange creatures, and the Doctor tries to convince the remaining contestants to work with him. He eventually launches himself from a high-tech trapeze to prove his point. The werewolf catches him. The cliffhanger sees Mel captured and placed on a large electronic wheel, at which the Doctor must throw laser arrows . . .

In the final episode, the Family are displeased by the Doctor's managing to not hit Mel, and despatch the Ringmaster before turning into "monsters". The surviving contestants and circus folk are herded into the ring, and will only survive for as long as they are entertaining. Various contestants fall by the wayside as the family play dirty. The Doctor realises that the small green Non-Entity conducts and amplifies feelings, and directs his rage at the Family. They explode, and the circus burns down.

"There's not enough legs in this version even for three episodes," comments Stephen now. "You have an arrival episode and a game show episode, but the third probably only has five to ten minutes of material in it. You get the substance of what the episode became – the Doctor performing to keep the enemy happy until the circus can be destroyed – but that was quite difficult to write even in its final form.

"Looking at the descriptions, the whole thing's much jokier. Part of it was that we hadn't thought it through properly, and part of it was that we were just after the most bizarre things we could – non-entities and blobs. We were playing around with the sorts of characters and contests that could be in the circus. The punk werewolf obviously survived as Mags. We thought werewolves were a strong image, but at this point the character didn't have that double nature she's later fighting against. It's quite interesting to see some of the images – like the family sitting watching – there very early on.

"Mel's enthusiasm for the circus may have been carried over from *Paradise Towers*. She was very enthusiastic in that, and because Bonnie was always so vibrantly enthusiastic, it was impossible to imagine Mel not wanting to go to the circus. I always felt clowns were deeply creepy, so later I swapped the roles and gave Ace that. One of my favourite bits of *Towers* was Mel and the Rezzies, so I was looking to put Mel in that same situation of being terribly bright and trusting with people who had deep dark nasty designs on her, like the Box Office Lady."

Mags and Captain Cook make their entrance

The second and third draft storylines flesh out the the first as well as making a number of significant alterations. Mel gets flashes of the high-tech circus because she isn't wearing one of the "tags" handed out at the box office, while the Box Office Lady becomes "young, gypsy-like and mysterious" and given to "fortune-telling style forebodings". The Nordic super-hero is named Nord and his inability to tell a joke leads to his death. The circus animal which Mel befriends is named "the Squonk", and they burst into the ring just as a "spotlight moon" triggers the werewolf's transformation at the end of episode two.

Script conference with Sylvester McCoy and Andrew Cartmel

References to the contestants' waves of fear being amplified by the Non-Entity are included, and the "survival of the fittest" theme is given further credence by the contestants having to choose lots to see who goes into the ring first. They all work together to help each other cross a "laser tightrope" which becomes a life-size "theme-painted pinball machine" in the third draft. A handwritten note suggests a "maze with robots eating on the corners, like in video games". Each episode sees a change in the nature of the ring, from conventional to primitive technology to high-tech with "weird electronic devices".

A note in the margin suggests a romantic triangle between the Ringmaster, the Box Office Lady and the Chief Clown. The third outline touches on the Ringmaster's jealousy of the Chief Clown, while Mel manages to escape while the Box Office Lady is "wooed" by the clown. The Box Office Lady is "shattered" by the death of the Ringmaster at the beginning of episode three.

Hippy chic! Flowerchild and Bellboy send out mellow vibes

One major alteration is the replacement of the mighty Blob with "a yuppie mutant (half human, half rat or fish)". This has then been crossed out in pen, with a note reading, "A kid eager to get in: whizz kid. Loves the idea". The third draft credits him as a "monstrously self-confident" Mutant Whizzkid. He is killed for failing to tame "a group of apparently innocuous looking elf-like creatures" which are in reality "basilisks".

The reason for the demise of the Family is changed first to the werewolf's rage and then to their own fury at the inactivity in the ring being amplified and directed back at them by the green Non-Entity. They "promptly explode in a final never-to-be-repeated thrill".

Sylvester soaks up the Segonax sun

"You can see the idea becoming more organic here," notes Stephen. "We needed to have a bit where Mel was put in danger in Act Two and could scream a lot, so you tended to create things like weird circus animals. The structure demands it rather than the plot. That later became Ace trapped with the robotic clowns.

"There's very little mention of the Chief Clown in these drafts. It's all inside the circus and about the game show, so the Ringmaster is the key figure. As the story developed, there's no doubt that the Box Office Lady and the Ringmaster lost out to the Chief Clown as characters.

"I also notice something here that is quite key to what eventually happens. It says: 'Mel learns they are . . . galactic hippy outlaws who have sold out to commercialism and now run the circus.' That's the first time that element has come in. I think the story gets a lot more interesting with the idea of a hippy circus – the betrayal of the ideas of the sixties in the eighties. This is the point where it takes off. We were also playing around with the sense that the characters would auto-destruct because of their emotional battles. That's what happens in the final version, but Flowerchild, Bellboy and Deadbeat are a much more complicated group of people.

The fourth draft furnishes proper descriptions of the characters and renames the Whizzkid "The Galactic Games King". The Squonk is transformed into more a mix of the final story's Deadbeat and Bellboy: a "distorted version of the tradition-style clown" called Honk, who can only communicate by honking a horn. More imaginative modes of death are also described: Nord is "placed inside a magic box . . . nothing is left but a skeleton which crumbles away", while the Games King has his head put through a "seaside-style photographic cutout" and turns into a cut-out himself.

With shades of Captain Cook's fate in the final script, the Games King returns at the end of episode three reconstructed as a robot brain with "an x-ray style scoring board and/or control panel as a body" in charge of a Space Invaders electronic maze with snapping jaws. At the end the Doctor launches into "an improvised stand-up comic monologue . . . accompanied by creepy canned laughter".

"The fourth draft was the version we were using when we were talking about adding an extra episode. I think a lot of things gelled at this point – we did an awful lot of thinking very fast. I went away and wrote the script of episode one in first draft form, as we were quite close to production dates. I think the fifth draft outline of these last three episodes comes after that – a revised outline incorporating Captain Cook's involvement. The Captain took over a large chunk of the story, actually. Once he became this intergalactic bore and complete charlatan, characters like the Whizzkid and Nord become more peripheral."

The fifth and final outline is a quantum leap in story terms. The opening episode has been added, Mel finally gives way to Ace, and the whole thing is much nearer to the finished version.

Episode one follows the transmitted first episode closely. Bellboy, Flowerchild (here labelled "Female Friend") and the thread involving the bus all make appear, together with "an Indiana Jones-style explorer" and his "punk werewolf moll". The Whizzkid is named. An important addendum for development in the last three episodes notes that "the green Non-Entity becomes a totally mind-blown hippy figure . . . who has somehow survived the various tests" – ie, Deadbeat.

Episodes two, three and four are virtually identical to the televised story, with all the familiar character names and motivations in place.

"I can't find anything in the original idea that I would have wanted preserved in the finished version,' laughs Stephen. "It's not always the case, but here virtually everything is an improvement. Everything that happened made the story better, and almost everything that happened once it went into production made it better as well. It got to the screen in pretty much the best form it could have – well, 95 per cent!"

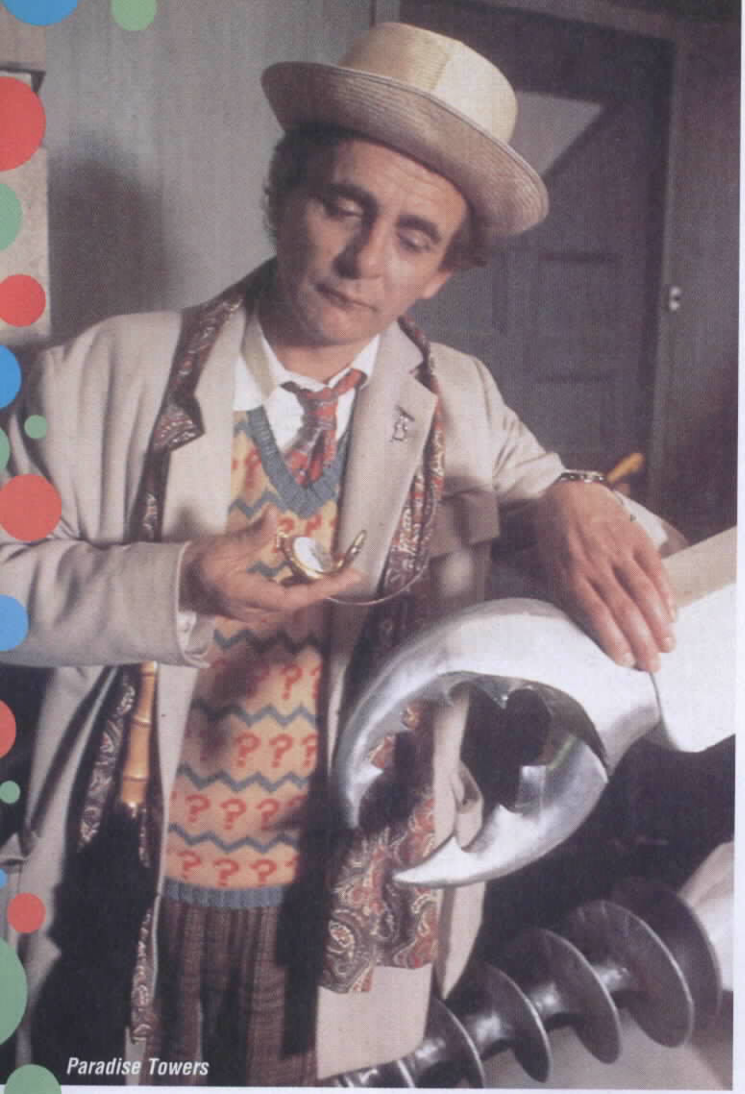
▶ producing another season of *Doctor Who* (his seventh), but Stephen remembers the producer as unceasingly supportive. "John left you alone to get on with writing the scripts, and certainly compared to the way television is now, where everything is subjected to 15 outlines and a committee decides what you should or shouldn't do, it was quite extraordinary. I think it was part of the ethos of the BBC at that time, and it was also very much John. He knew he was not a great scriptwriter himself, but he also knew whether ideas worked or not. He also had an amazing ability at editing. He could watch an episode lasting 32 minutes which had to be cut back to 24, and say, 'Cut that, that, that and that.' It was fantastic."

Paradise Towers was a concerted and conscious effort to offer up something 'new', without reference to the series' history. "Andrew and I both thought the show had got very self-absorbed and in some ways was disappearing up its own bottom, so we decided to have a self-contained adventure. It freed us up to do anything. If you're carrying around a whole lot of baggage about Time Lords, the mythology dominates the story. It just wasn't interesting, and had also been done to death in *The Trial of a Time Lord*." Did this thinking lead to plot devices such as the destruction of the Daleks' home planet, Skaro, in the next season? "Absolutely, yes. They didn't think anything more could be done with it."

Was Stephen happy with his first *Doctor Who* story when it went out? "I was happy with most of it. I liked the idea, and the groupings of characters worked well. My favourites by far were the Rezzies. Once I'd seen them I was sorry I didn't keep them alive longer. The story's OK, but because it was mostly done in studio, some of it had a 'stagy' quality and slightly lacked atmosphere. Every *Doctor Who* I'd ever seen looked completely antiseptic, with gleaming corridors for people to run down. I wanted to have a show with a dirty look, lots of litter and graffiti. That was one of the big appeals, but it wasn't taken as far as it might have been. They only got halfway there.

> **"In some ways, the show was disappearing up its own bottom!"**

"We had the same problem with the Caretakers. Originally, every able-bodied person on the planet was sent off to fight in the war, so the Caretakers, with the exception of the very young one at the beginning, were supposed to be fat and hopelessly unfit. But by the nature of these things, when the production manager is asked to get some guards together, he ends up with these guys who've been working out at the gym. Andrew and I spent the recording trying to get the more podgy-faced ones in front, but they still looked like classic science fiction 'baddie'



Paradise Towers

guards. They should have been slobs whose uniforms were falling apart, and ideally with fags hanging out the sides of their mouths!"

Another character who ended up a little different to how he was written was Pex. "It was around the time of *Rambo*, so the idea was for Pex to be a Sylvester Stallone lookalike with huge muscles, and the whole gag was that he was pretty incompetent and cowardly. It would have been quite funny having Mel save him all the time. When they came to cast it, all these hunks who came to audition had no sense of humour – they couldn't find somebody who'd send themselves up. There was also the practical concern that having a six-foot-six, God-knows-how-wide guy doing scenes with Bonnie [Langford, playing Mel] would just look peculiar! So they went instead for Howard Cooke, who was very short and quite cuddly. It worked quite nicely, but the performance was different from how I'd imagined it. I think that's one reason why the tentacle thing in the swimming pool wasn't as frightening as it might have been."

Stephen's first draft of the story was written before the casting of the new Doctor, so Sylvester McCoy's arrival gave him more to latch on to. "Andrew wanted a new style for a new Doctor, and the fact that Sylvester was cast meant I could work a few things in. There's a bit of *schtick* which is actually too long, but which works well – the Doctor talking himself out of the Caretakers' headquarters with the rule book. It could have been embarrassing with someone else. Sylvester seemed to me reminiscent of Patrick Troughton, who was my favourite Doctor. Patrick was a very good actor rather than a personality, and he had a Puckish quality which Sylvester also had."

Stephen was surprised to discover that Chris Jury, who played Deadbeat in his second story, *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, had auditioned for the role of the Seventh Doctor. "I know Ken Campbell was very seriously considered. I think he would have been too off the wall, too scary, but I quite like that dangerous idea. Sylvester was a good Doctor, particularly when he got a bit of confidence. He is genuinely eccentric – he didn't have to put it on. I knew quite a bit about his theatre work, and knew that he was actually a very good clown, so with the circus tricks at the end of *Greatest Show*, I gave him some room to move."

The bright and bouncy Mel was a slightly different story. "Mel was a fairly generic companion. I tried to use her in scenes such as the Rezzies fattening her up with cream teas, and with the monster in the swimming pool. I liked the irony of the hero screaming for help, and Mel saying, 'For God sake, give me the gun,' and shooting the monster. The idea was that she was a totally capable person, but the scene didn't quite work. Bonnie's character was underdeveloped, and perhaps a carry-over from the pre-Cartmel style, which was rather more picture book and less . . . I hesitate to say realistic, but less based in reality. I think for that reason the Doctor's relationship with Ace was more interesting to write. Ace was more of a character – you felt you were writing for her rather than Sophie [Aldred].

"It wasn't Bonnie's fault. As a person I liked her a lot. She's very bright and a very generous performer, and I think she's had rather a bum deal. It was only Sylvester's second story, and there was a tremendous amount of material to get through, so Bonnie spent her time being wonderfully helpful to him. She would say, 'Now, Sylvester, this is the scene where you do this, and that happens next,' etc."

Andrew cartmel . . .
in Paradise!

Though it was felt there were certain shortcomings in *Paradise Towers*, the definite buzz was that it was "heading somewhere". Stephen was invited almost immediately to submit a story for the next season. Rejecting early ideas for a sequel to *Paradise Towers* in which the Kang leaders are sent off to respectable boarding schools, hate them and leave in search of their lost brothers (no, really), the writer and script editor settled on the premise for *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*.

"The early stages were while Sylvester's first series was being completed, so I had much more time to write the script. John Nathan-Turner had a quite interesting idea involving shooting at the *Doctor Who* exhibition at Longleat, but for practical reasons it never came off. The only way I could think to play it was having these creatures under the ground who came out when all the visitors had gone home and had a separate life relating to the exhibition. When we looked closer we realised that it wasn't workable, but it was a starting point, and pushed the story towards shows, fairgrounds and then circuses. I think we had the title before almost anything else, and we then went through about 15 different variations!"

These early drafts were very different to the finished script. "It was originally planned as a three-part studio story. It only ever got as far as me writing two-page outlines rather than scripts, but it was much more garish and not as interesting. We were going to have these circus acts which led to a deadly game show – if you failed, you were dead. It was much more computer-based. In a way we then went away from technology and towards a more conventional circus. When it became a four-part story with 25 per cent on Outside Broadcast location, my instinct was that most of the OB work should be at the start, all about getting to the circus. So the extra episode was added to the front and the pre-story with Captain Cook and Mags turning up was developed."

Meeting the Rezzies!

Thanks to the team environment fostered by Andrew Cartmel among his writers, *Remembrance of the Daleks* writer Ben Aaronovitch was actually responsible for the character of bombastic adventurer Captain Cook. "I got to know Ian Briggs and Ben, and later Kevin Clarke, quite well. It meant you could pool ideas a bit. If you came in on the end of somebody else's meeting, Andrew might well say, 'We're stuck on this scene. What do you think we should do?' That was always helpful because apart from anything else, we were

Red Kangs, Red Kangs, Red Kangs are best!

working against time. I wouldn't say it went as far as sitting down together, but we certainly had a sense of being part of a team. That's quite unusual.

"On this occasion we were a bit stuck, and Ben said, 'Why don't you have an Indiana Jones-type explorer?' That was our starting point. It was only when I started writing the character that I realised he should be a thundering bore, with his cup of tea and his servant. He was originally going to be killed off at the end of episode one, leaving Mags alone, but he kept on surviving. Even in the final draft, he came back as a zombie! We had originally considered TP McKenna, who ended up playing him, for the Chief Caretaker in *Paradise Towers*."

Stephen is very fond of the villain of the piece, the Chief Clown. "There are two sorts of clown. In the classic circus, the leading clowns, like our Chief Clown, were in white face and rather elegant, with beautiful spangly costumes. What we think of as the traditional clowns, with big red noses, are the servants. They fall about and do as they're told while the white face clown goes about being all immaculate. So we had our villain.

"Every *Doctor Who* felt completely antiseptic. I wanted a dirty look"

"I can remember talking to [director] Alan Wareing about needing a really good actor for the Chief Clown, because the part was quite neutrally written. It was something I'd done quite subconsciously, because you can't write complicated emotions for a person in white face. The presence is so powerful that you can't give him long complicated lines. It kept his mystique, with the fact that he was a very talented clown who'd gone to bad. I think I only realised when Ian Reddington was there in make-up and started acting that at some level I knew the clowns had to be used in certain ways. That was another beneficial effect of adding the first episode: the Chief Clown driving around in the hearse. He had colossal presence.

"Conversely, the Whizzkid was a much more important character in earlier drafts. He was going to be the original computer game nerd, but I turned him into a parody of *Doctor Who* fans. It was a bit of a last-minute, on-the-spot improvisation. Since the computer geek made no sense once we'd taken out the high-tech elements, I thought of a fan of the Psychic Circus as a hook on the character. He was a tiny part, but because the fans picked up on the not-exactly-subtle joke, it's always been talked about as more than the throwaway that it was. In the event, it's not terribly clear why he's even called the Whizzkid!"

One character Stephen wasn't too sure about was the Ringmaster, played by Ricco Ross. "Although Ricco was a very good actor, he wasn't very comfortable with some of the dance aspects of the part. It was written for someone who had that absolutely at their fingertips. We wanted to get a man called Clarke Peters, who is a very remarkable singer/dancer – he's done Nat King Cole in the West End. He would have been perfect, but we couldn't get him. Ricco had to work very hard to get the rap opening."

Despite variable success in *Paradise Towers*, one element of the scripts that Stephen was adamant about was the robotic nature of the monsters. "I've always felt that, by and large, monsters don't work very well on *Doctor Who*, and monsters on location largely consisted of rather embarrassed actors in silly costumes wishing they were dead! Robots look more convincing than a bit of rubber tubing, and it's an achievable effect. We were working to that end with the Gods of Ragnarok – no slimy monsters with tentacles. They had a mobility which something like the robotic cleaners didn't.

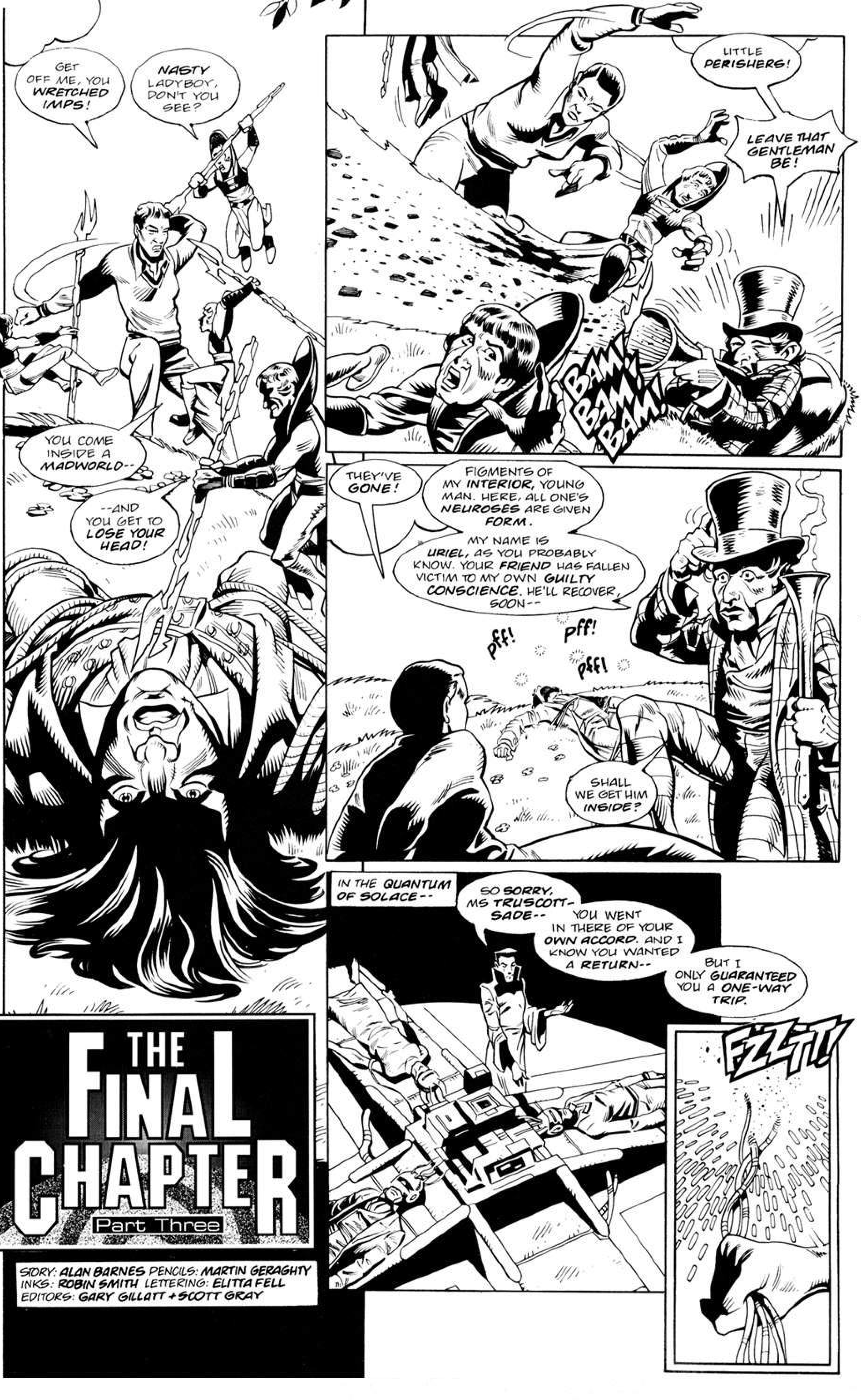
"In *Greatest Show*, the robotic clowns were one of my solutions to the problem. They could all look the same, and that was quite scary in itself. Every time the clowns were in a scene it made it better, and because they were trained acrobats and circus people, they knew what they were doing. I remember writing the scenes where these white face clowns drive around the desert in a hearse and thinking, 'Something's going on here. This is quite powerful.' That said, the robot in the sand was almost certainly a Cartmel idea."

The Greatest Show in the Galaxy was one of the most troubled productions in the history of *Doctor Who* – it was all but a miracle that it made it to the screen. "You know the whole saga of what happened with it? I'd said to Alan Wareing at the beginning, 'We mustn't have the gravel pit. Please not the *Doctor Who* gravel pit!' and though in effect we got a quarry, he chose it because it had a slightly different feel, with little pools of water. We had a wonderful time on location with a really nice group of actors. But when we came back to London, there was an asbestos scare in the Television Centre studios, and the whole story came very close to being cancelled. If the designer had not come up with the idea of erecting a tent in the Elstree car park, the production meeting called would basically have said, 'Well, we're going to have to junk this one, aren't we?' It seemed quite extraordinary that the BBC could contemplate that in the anniversary season, and John Nathan-Turner fought quite hard to hang on to the story.

"The whole recording process was very fraught for Alan, and there were a lot of noise problems, but I think in some ways the conditions helped the production. It felt more real, and was pushed more towards a genuinely weird atmosphere. That's another reason I feel *Greatest Show* works better than *Paradise Towers*. There's something slightly dead and bland about studio work, but there's an element of danger about *Greatest Show* because the acoustic is very odd, closer to a real acoustic than perfect. The only part I don't think worked was the stuff at the end which involved the eye and the well. That looks like a set, and it's the only part of the four episodes which does."

Really? Stephen rolls his eyes when reminded of the TARDIS scene in the first episode. "Oh God, yes! I tried so hard to get that scene in the TARDIS cut. The other writers had managed to get rid of theirs, but my story was conceived earlier than everything else for the season and so I was still saddled with the idea that it had to start in the TARDIS. Most of the episode looks so good, but that scene just looks naff. It was shot very fast near the end of production, and I tried first of all to prune it, then just cut it completely. Did you know that historically it was the last use of the [BBC] TARDIS interior?"

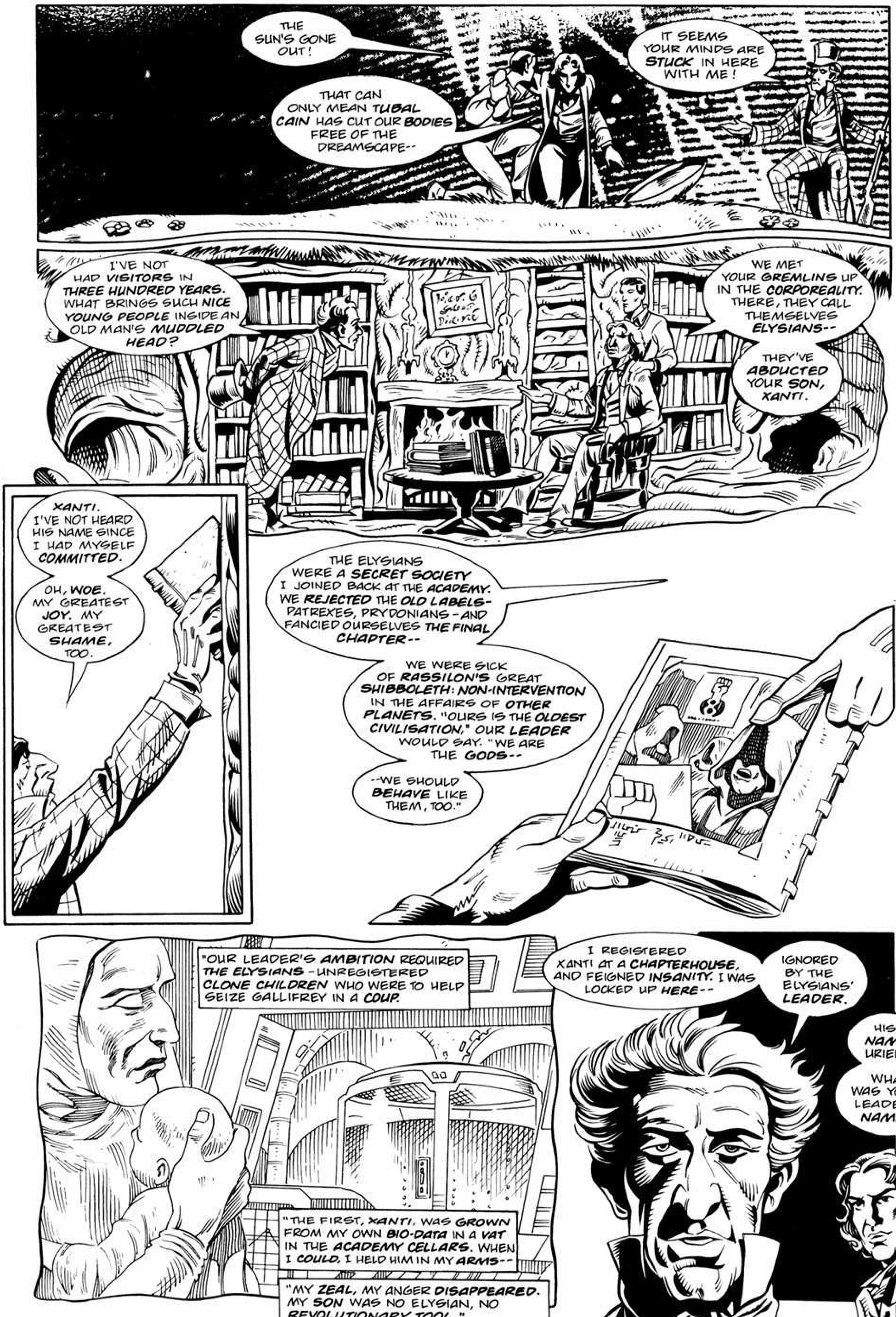
Stephen novelised both of his scripts for the Target range – "I have to be honest and say I regarded it as a way of making some cash" – but although he was approached by Virgin to pen a *New Adventures* novel, he declined. In the ten years since *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, he has enjoyed a highly successful writing career. His name has graced numerous *Casualty* episodes and a good many radio plays, and he has a number of projects in the pipeline – but he won't be drawn on these. "I won't say too much because it might all disappear. The life of a freelancer is never very certain. Work comes and goes, but I am keeping busy." DWM

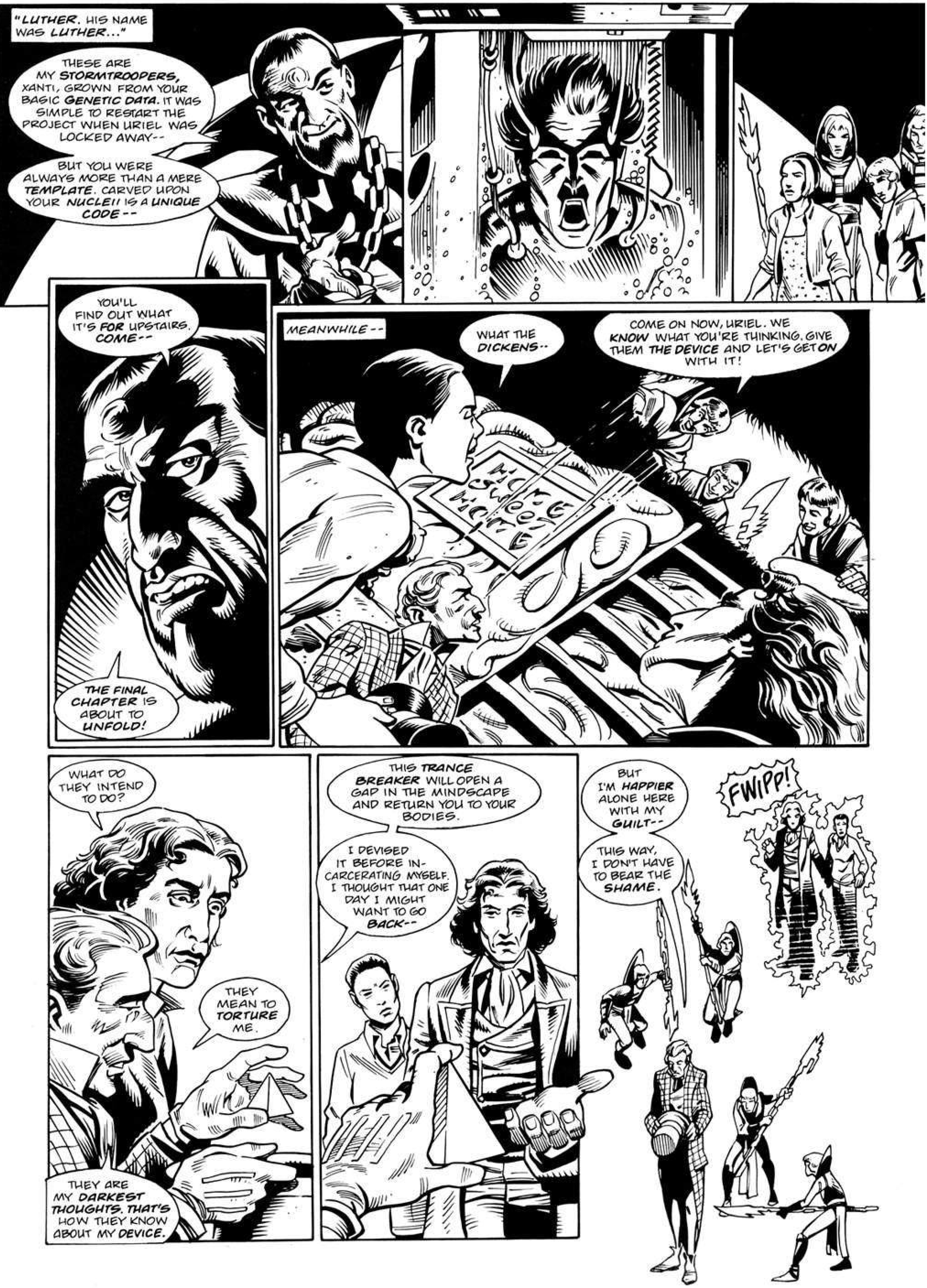

GET OFF ME, YOU WRETCHED IMPS!
NASTY LADYBOY, DON'T YOU SEE?
LITTLE PERISHERS!
LEAVE THAT GENTLEMAN BE!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
YOU COME INSIDE A MADWORLD--
--AND YOU GET TO LOSE YOUR HEAD!
THEY'VE GONE!
FIGMENTS OF MY INTERIOR, YOUNG MAN. HERE, ALL ONE'S NEUROSES ARE GIVEN FORM.
MY NAME IS URIEL, AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW. YOUR FRIEND HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO MY OWN GUILTY CONSCIENCE. HE'LL RECOVER, SOON--
pff!
pff!
pff!
SHALL WE GET HIM INSIDE?
IN THE QUANTUM OF SOLACE--
SO SORRY, MS TRUSCOTT-SADE--
YOU WENT IN THERE OF YOUR OWN ACCORD. AND I KNOW YOU WANTED A RETURN--
BUT I ONLY GUARANTEED YOU A ONE-WAY TRIP.
FZZTT!

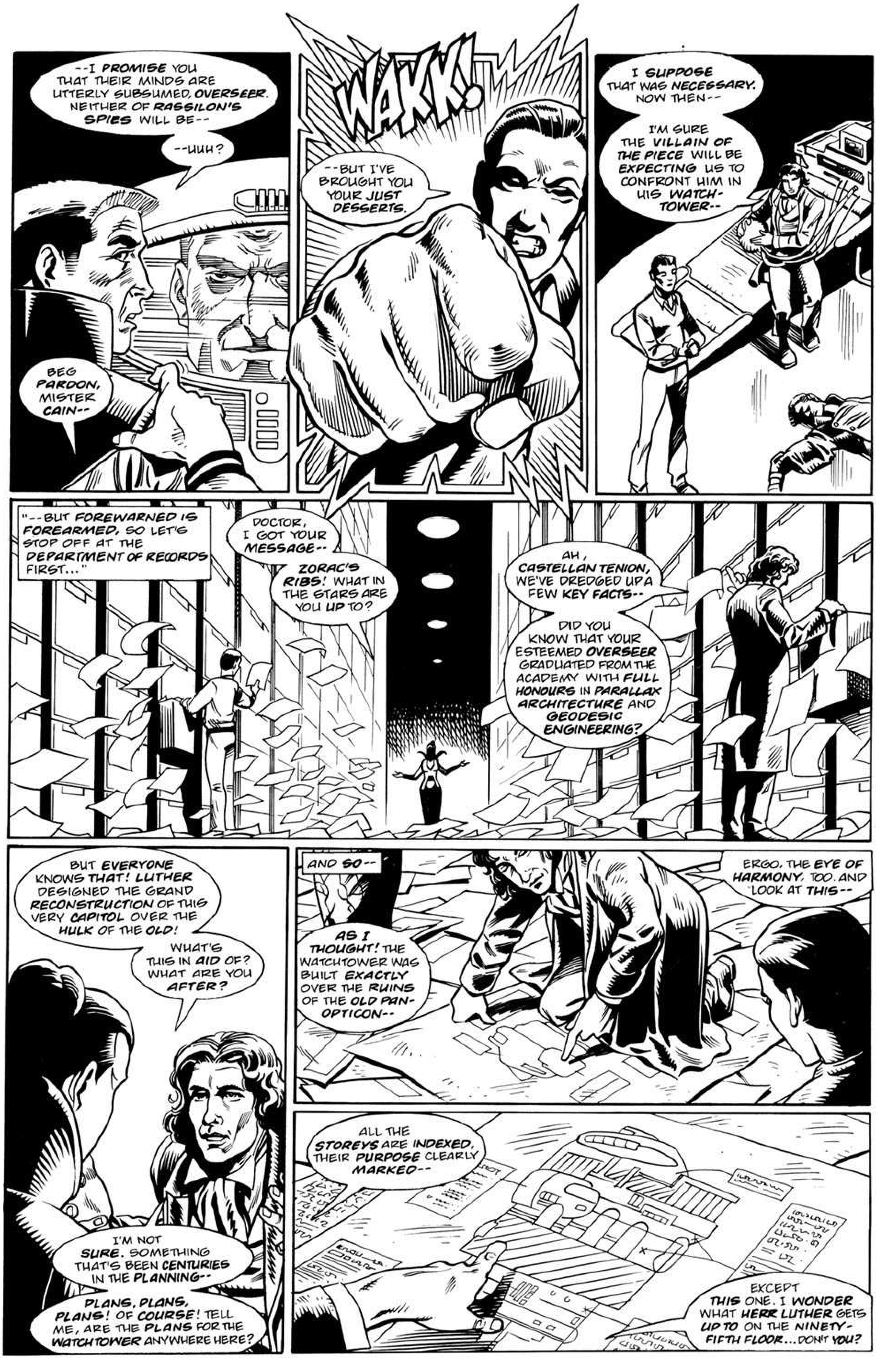
THE FINAL CHAPTER

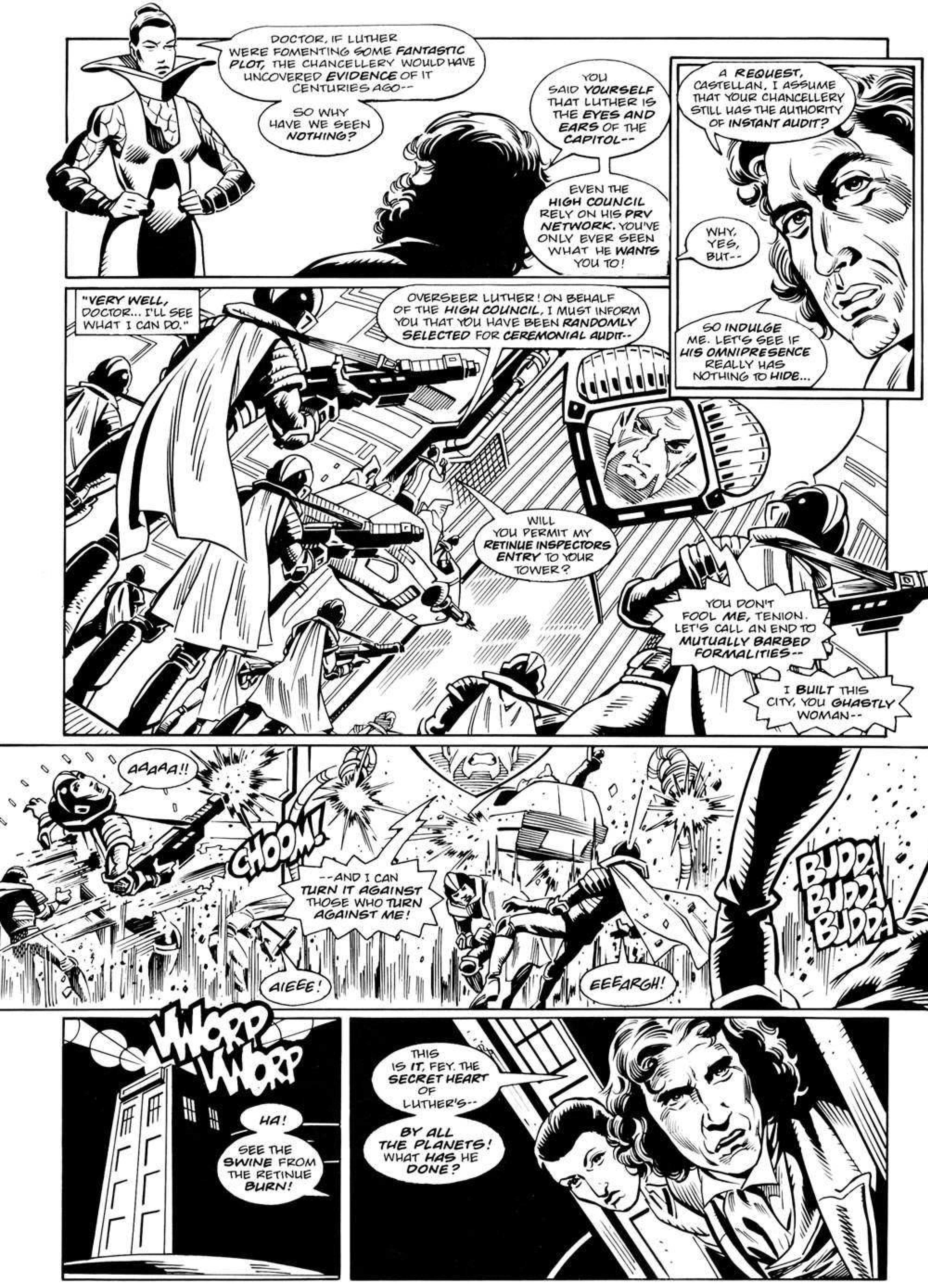
Part Three

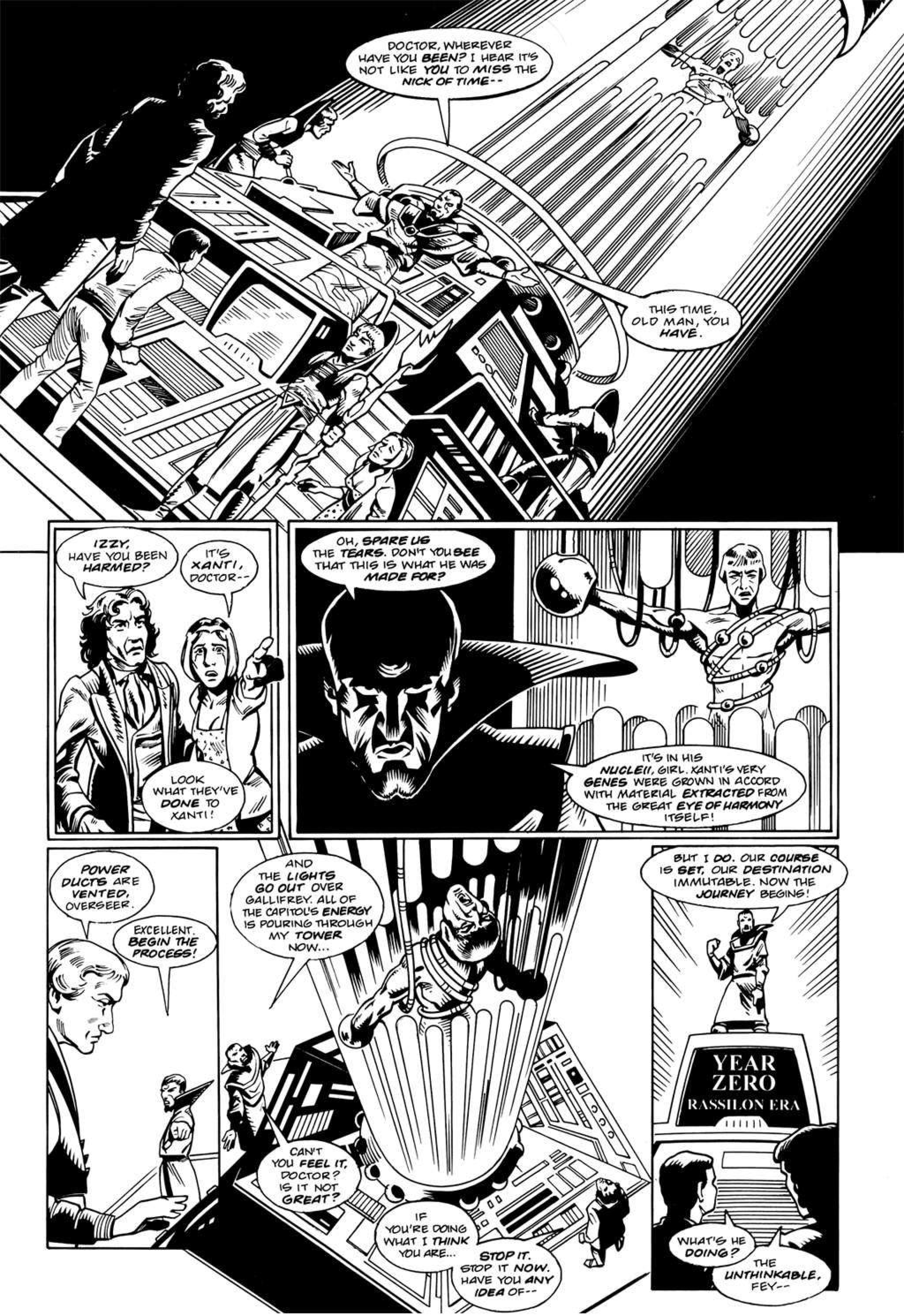
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

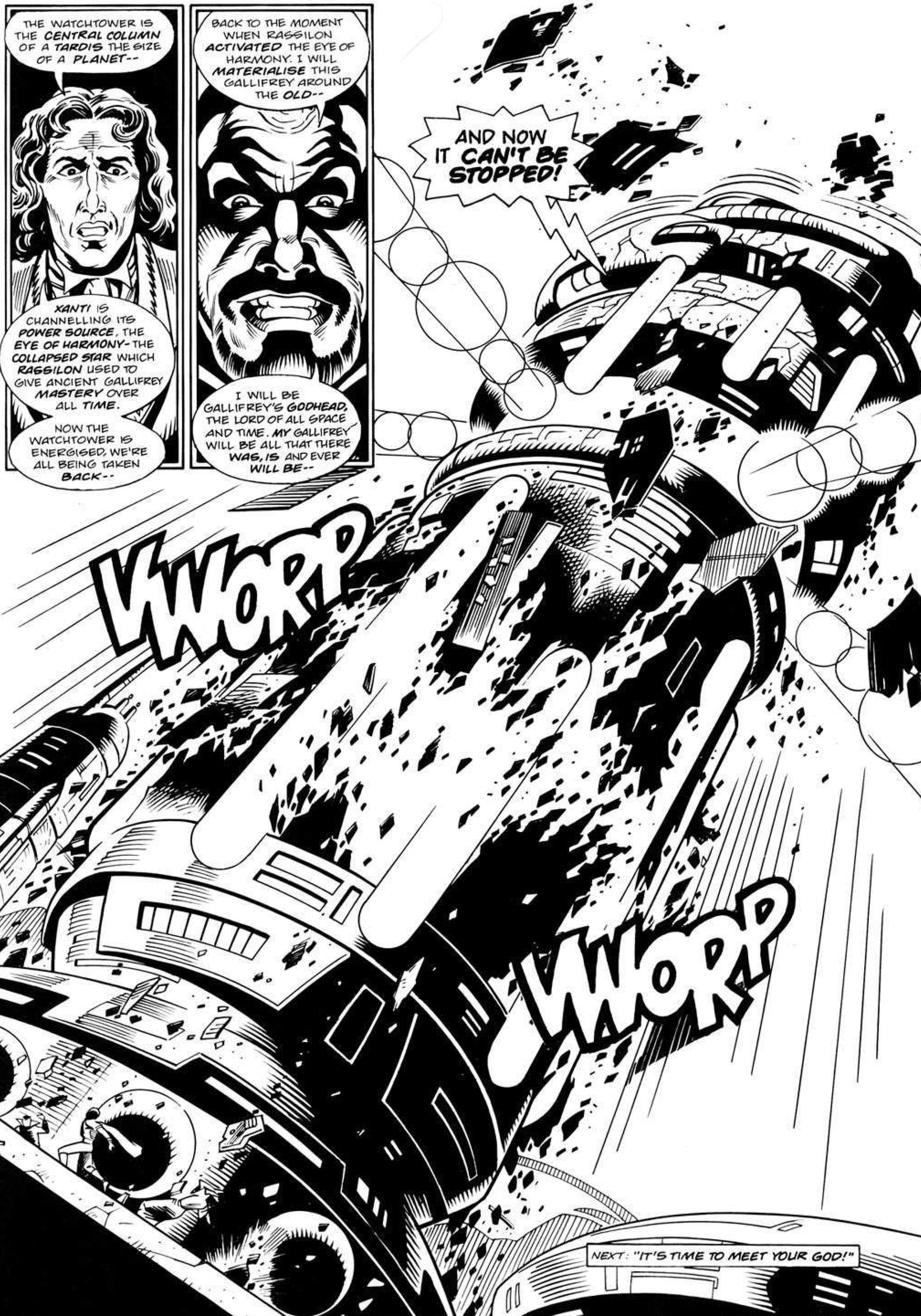

THE SUN'S GONE OUT!
THAT CAN ONLY MEAN TUBAL CAIN HAS CUT OUR BODIES FREE OF THE DREAMSCAPE--
IT SEEMS YOUR MINDS ARE STUCK IN HERE WITH ME!
I'VE NOT HAD VISITORS IN THREE HUNDRED YEARS. WHAT BRINGS SUCH NICE YOUNG PEOPLE INSIDE AN OLD MAN'S MUDDLED HEAD?
WE MET YOUR GREMLINS UP IN THE CORPOREALITY. THERE, THEY CALL THEMSELVES ELYSIANS--
THEY'VE ABDUCTED YOUR SON, XANTI.
XANTI. I'VE NOT HEARD HIS NAME SINCE I HAD MYSELF COMMITTED.
OH, WOE. MY GREATEST JOY. MY GREATEST SHAME, TOO.
THE ELYSIANS WERE A SECRET SOCIETY I JOINED BACK AT THE ACADEMY. WE REJECTED THE OLD LABELS- PATREXES, PRYDONIANS - AND FANCIED OURSELVES THE FINAL CHAPTER--
WE WERE SICK OF RASSILON'S GREAT SHIBBOLETH: NON-INTERVENTION IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHER PLANETS. "OURS IS THE OLDEST CIVILISATION," OUR LEADER WOULD SAY. "WE ARE THE GODS--
--WE SHOULD BEHAVE LIKE THEM, TOO."
"OUR LEADER'S AMBITION REQUIRED THE ELYSIANS - UNREGISTERED CLONE CHILDREN WHO WERE TO HELP SEIZE GALLIFREY IN A COUP.
"THE FIRST, XANTI, WAS GROWN FROM MY OWN BIO-DATA IN A VAT IN THE ACADEMY CELLARS. WHEN I COULD, I HELD HIM IN MY ARMS--
"MY ZEAL, MY ANGER DISAPPEARED. MY SON WAS NO ELYSIAN, NO REVOLUTIONARY TOOL."
I REGISTERED XANTI AT A CHAPTERHOUSE, AND FEIGNED INSANITY. I WAS LOCKED UP HERE--
IGNORED BY THE ELYSIANS' LEADER.
HIS NAME, URIEL--
WHAT WAS YOUR LEADER'S NAME?


"LUTHER. HIS NAME WAS LUTHER..."
THESE ARE MY STORMTROOPERS, XANTI, GROWN FROM YOUR BASIC GENETIC DATA. IT WAS SIMPLE TO RESTART THE PROJECT WHEN URIEL WAS LOCKED AWAY--
BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS MORE THAN A MERE TEMPLATE. CARVED UPON YOUR NUCLEII IS A UNIQUE CODE--
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT'S FOR UPSTAIRS. COME--
THE FINAL CHAPTER IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD!
MEANWHILE--
WHAT THE DICKENS--
COME ON NOW, URIEL. WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. GIVE THEM THE DEVICE AND LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
WHAT DO THEY INTEND TO DO?
THEY MEAN TO TORTURE ME.
THEY ARE MY DARKEST THOUGHTS. THAT'S HOW THEY KNOW ABOUT MY DEVICE.
THIS TRANCE BREAKER WILL OPEN A GAP IN THE MINDSCAPE AND RETURN YOU TO YOUR BODIES.
I DEVISED IT BEFORE INCARCERATING MYSELF. I THOUGHT THAT ONE DAY I MIGHT WANT TO GO BACK--
BUT I'M HAPPIER ALONE HERE WITH MY GUILT--
THIS WAY, I DON'T HAVE TO BEAR THE SHAME.
FWIPP!


--I PROMISE YOU THAT THEIR MINDS ARE UTTERLY SUBSUMED, OVERSEER. NEITHER OF RASSILON'S SPIES WILL BE--
--UUH?
BEG PARDON, MISTER CAIN--
WAKK!
--BUT I'VE BROUGHT YOU YOUR JUST DESSERTS.
I SUPPOSE THAT WAS NECESSARY. NOW THEN--
I'M SURE THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE WILL BE EXPECTING US TO CONFRONT HIM IN HIS WATCH-TOWER--
"--BUT FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED, SO LET'S STOP OFF AT THE DEPARTMENT OF RECORDS FIRST..."
DOCTOR, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE--
ZORAC'S RIBS! WHAT IN THE STARS ARE YOU UP TO?
AH, CASTELLAN TENION, WE'VE DREDGED UP A FEW KEY FACTS--
DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR ESTEEMED OVERSEER GRADUATED FROM THE ACADEMY WITH FULL HONOURS IN PARALLAX ARCHITECTURE AND GEODESIC ENGINEERING?
BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT! LUTHER DESIGNED THE GRAND RECONSTRUCTION OF THIS VERY CAPITOL OVER THE HULK OF THE OLD!
WHAT'S THIS IN AID OF? WHAT ARE YOU AFTER?
I'M NOT SURE. SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN CENTURIES IN THE PLANNING--
PLANS, PLANS, PLANS! OF COURSE! TELL ME, ARE THE PLANS FOR THE WATCHTOWER ANYWHERE HERE?
AND SO--
AS I THOUGHT! THE WATCHTOWER WAS BUILT EXACTLY OVER THE RUINS OF THE OLD PANOPTICON--
ERGO, THE EYE OF HARMONY, TOO. AND LOOK AT THIS--
ALL THE STOREYS ARE INDEXED, THEIR PURPOSE CLEARLY MARKED--
EXCEPT THIS ONE. I WONDER WHAT HERR LUTHER GETS UP TO ON THE NINETY-FIFTH FLOOR... DON'T YOU?


DOCTOR, IF LUTHER WERE FOMENTING SOME FANTASTIC PLOT, THE CHANCELLERY WOULD HAVE UNCOVERED EVIDENCE OF IT CENTURIES AGO--
SO WHY HAVE WE SEEN NOTHING?
YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT LUTHER IS THE EYES AND EARS OF THE CAPITOL--
EVEN THE HIGH COUNCIL RELY ON HIS PRV NETWORK. YOU'VE ONLY EVER SEEN WHAT HE WANTS YOU TO!
A REQUEST, CASTELLAN. I ASSUME THAT YOUR CHANCELLERY STILL HAS THE AUTHORITY OF INSTANT AUDIT?
WHY, YES, BUT--
SO INDULGE ME. LET'S SEE IF HIS OMNIPRESENCE REALLY HAS NOTHING TO HIDE...
"VERY WELL, DOCTOR... I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO."
OVERSEER LUTHER! ON BEHALF OF THE HIGH COUNCIL, I MUST INFORM YOU THAT YOU HAVE BEEN RANDOMLY SELECTED FOR CEREMONIAL AUDIT--
WILL YOU PERMIT MY RETINUE INSPECTORS ENTRY TO YOUR TOWER?
YOU DON'T FOOL ME, TENION. LET'S CALL AN END TO MUTUALLY BARBED FORMALITIES--
I BUILT THIS CITY, YOU GHASTLY WOMAN--
AAAAA!!
CHOOM!
--AND I CAN TURN IT AGAINST THOSE WHO TURN AGAINST ME!
AIEEE!
EEEARGH!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
WHORP WHORP
HA!
SEE THE SWINE FROM THE RETINUE BURN!
THIS IS IT, FEY. THE SECRET HEART OF LUTHER'S--
BY ALL THE PLANETS! WHAT HAS HE DONE?


DOCTOR, WHEREVER HAVE YOU BEEN? I HEAR IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO MISS THE NICK OF TIME--
THIS TIME, OLD MAN, YOU HAVE.
IZZY, HAVE YOU BEEN HARMED?
IT'S XANTI, DOCTOR--
LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO XANTI!
OH, SPARE US THE TEARS. DON'T YOU SEE THAT THIS IS WHAT HE WAS MADE FOR?
IT'S IN HIS NUCLEII, GIRL. XANTI'S VERY GENES WERE GROWN IN ACCORD WITH MATERIAL EXTRACTED FROM THE GREAT EYE OF HARMONY ITSELF!
POWER DUCTS ARE VENTED, OVERSEER.
EXCELLENT. BEGIN THE PROCESS!
AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT OVER GALLIFREY. ALL OF THE CAPITOL'S ENERGY IS POURING THROUGH MY TOWER NOW...
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT, DOCTOR? IS IT NOT GREAT?
IF YOU'RE DOING WHAT I THINK YOU ARE...
STOP IT. STOP IT NOW. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA OF--
BUT I DO. OUR COURSE IS SET, OUR DESTINATION IMMUTABLE. NOW THE JOURNEY BEGINS!
YEAR ZERO
RASSILON ERA
WHAT'S HE DOING?
THE UNTHINKABLE, FEY--


THE WATCHTOWER IS THE CENTRAL COLUMN OF A TARDIS THE SIZE OF A PLANET--
BACK TO THE MOMENT WHEN RASSILON ACTIVATED THE EYE OF HARMONY. I WILL MATERIALISE THIS GALLIFREY AROUND THE OLD--
AND NOW IT CAN'T BE STOPPED!
XANTI IS CHANNELLING ITS POWER SOURCE, THE EYE OF HARMONY- THE COLLAPSED STAR WHICH RASSILON USED TO GIVE ANCIENT GALLIFREY MASTERY OVER ALL TIME.
NOW THE WATCHTOWER IS ENERGISED, WE'RE ALL BEING TAKEN BACK--
I WILL BE GALLIFREY'S GODHEAD, THE LORD OF ALL SPACE AND TIME. MY GALLIFREY WILL BE ALL THAT THERE WAS, IS AND EVER WILL BE--
VWORP
VWORP
NEXT: "IT'S TIME TO MEET YOUR GOD!"

The Telesnap Archive

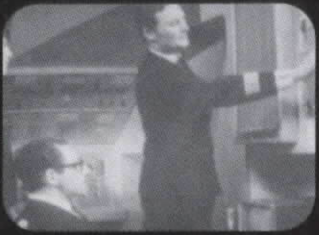
During the seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

The Faceless Ones

Episode 4

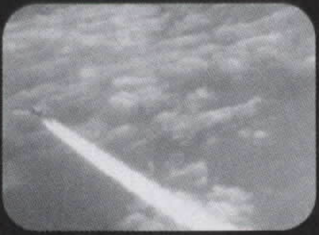
by David Ellis & Malcolm Hulke
Directed by Gerry Mill
Transmitted 29 April 1967

THE FACELESS ONES

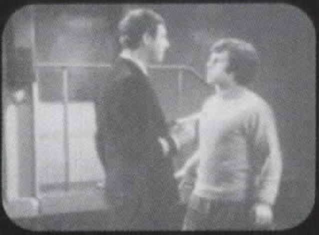


"You wanted to know the secret of Chameleon Tours?" asks Captain Blade, operating controls above a monitor. "Well, Inspector – see for yourself . . ."

A high-pitched whine fills the cabin. Crossland stares in disbelief at the now empty rows of seats . . .

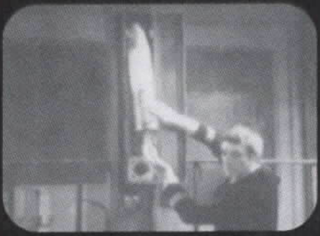


The plane continues along its allotted flight path, seemingly bereft of passengers.

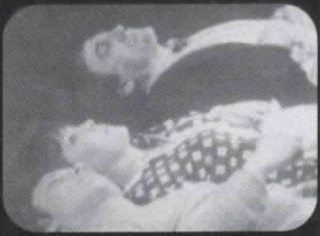


Spencer arrives while Jamie is trying to rouse the prone Doctor. He orders the Scot to follow him, but Jamie refuses. "You have five seconds to change your mind," the pilot says. "Then you'll have to kill me, then," retorts Jamie.

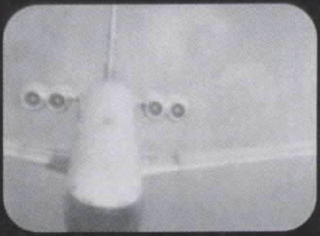
He repeats the warning and starts counting: "Five, four, three . . ." Seeing Sam, Jamie cries out and lunges at Spencer. The pair attempt to overpower the pilot, but he knocks them both to the floor.



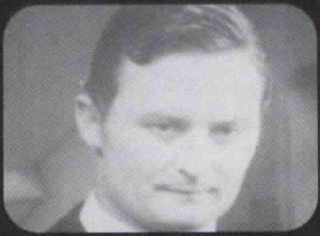
Retrieving his gun, Spencer then drags the bodies together and sets up a device on the banister overlooking his prisoners.



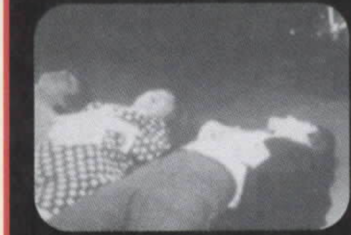
Spencer turns on the device; it throws a narrow beam of light onto the hangar floor. Slowly, the beam begins to crawl towards his three captives' heads . . .



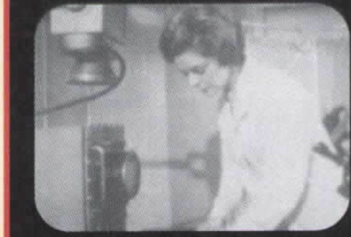
The Chameleon Tours plane continues its steep climb.



Crossland asks where they are going. "You'll know soon enough," smiles Blade, reaching for his communicator. "This is plane number three to base . . . Inform the director I have an original for him as ordered."



The three friends awake but find themselves paralysed. They struggle desperately as the beam edges closer, igniting a pile of wood shavings. Sam regains control over one of her arms, but is unable to move away . . .



In the airport medical centre, the nurse prepares another transformation.

With automatic precision, she checks the apparatus.

The process begins – and slowly, the alien takes on the features of Jenkins, the immigration officer.

Moments later, the operation is over.

The Doctor announces that they may have a chance. He asks whether or not Sam has a mirror in her bag. She does. The Doctor tells her to pass it to Jamie. "See if you can point it at that laser gun," he gasps.

With great exertion, Jamie manages to catch the beam in the mirror. He directs it straight back into the gun, causing it to explode.

Jamie gasps with relief. "Well done," the Doctor congratulates him as their mobility returns.

After such an open attempt on their lives, the Doctor deduces that the aliens' plans must be nearing completion. He tells Sam to go to the kiosk and watch for their assailant while he and Jamie go to locate the first aid post.

In the medical centre, the nurse questions the recently transformed alien. "Name?" she enquires. "Stephen Christopher Jenkins," he replies, going on to say that he lives with his parents in Wimbledon.

Pretending to be ill, Jamie is helped by the Doctor into the medical centre. The nurse ushers Jenkins out. Claiming to be Jamie's physician, the Doctor tells her that Jamie is suffering from a rare tropical disease.

He says that the boy needs to lie down, and suggests that they place him on the couch in the next room. The nurse bars the way, claiming that she is expecting a patient for an x-ray . . .

In the kiosk, Jenkins and Spencer watch as the Doctor helps Jamie out. "That Doctor is a menace to our plan," says the pilot. "Then we must kill him," says Jenkins. "This time, let them come to us," replies Spencer.

In the Air Traffic Control centre, Miss Rock informs the Superintendent they are still waiting to hear from Inspector Crossland.

She then asks the telephone operator about the call she placed to Athens.

Entering, the Doctor learns that Crossland has disappeared – and Sam has been asking after him. As Jamie leaves for the kiosk, the phone rings; Miss Rock answers it.

Replacing the receiver, Jean announces that she knows what's been happening. She has been calling all the cities which Chameleon Tours fly to – and she has just heard back from Athens, the last on her list.

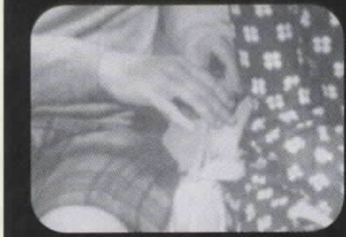
"What I found out is they never deliver any passengers," she continues. "What do you mean?" demands the Commandant.

"They all say the same thing," she explains, reeling off a list of airports. "They say they pick up young passengers to take them off to other destinations . . ."

". . . but none of them ever arrive anywhere," she concludes. The Commandant chooses to believe that the people are being taken to a secret airfield. "You're still thinking in Earth terms," remarks the Doctor.

"And I intend to go on doing so," blusters the Commandant, placing a call to the RAF. Suspecting the medical centre to be connected, the Doctor asks if Miss Rock can arrange for the nurse to be absent so he can look around.

At the kiosk, Samantha collects her ticket for the next Chameleon Tours flight. She tells Jamie that it's the only way to find out what's going on. Moaning that the Doctor knew she'd do something silly, Jamie offers to go too.



Realising that he cannot afford a ticket, he tries, unsuccessfully, to steal Sam's. "The Doctor says it was no job for a wee lassie," says Jamie. He hugs her, wishing her well – and finally manages to get her ticket.

The Commandant receives confirmation from the RAF that the next flight can be followed. Checking the departure time with Miss Rock, he informs them that the next flight leaves at 15:30 hours and will be heading south.

As the Commandant proudly tells the Doctor that an RAF fighter will be tailing the next Chameleon Tours flight, Miss Rock suddenly moans – and falls into a dead faint.

"What's the matter with the girl?" asks the Commandant, trying to wake her. He picks up the phone: "Get me the medical centre," he orders: The shamming Jean secretly winks at the Doctor as he quietly leaves the room.

"Isn't it possible for your assistant to come down here?" the nurse asks the Commandant, explaining that she isn't supposed to leave the centre. Eventually she concedes, slamming the phone down.

Moments after she has left, the Doctor enters and heads straight for the x-ray room. Examining the couch, he finds a hidden set of controls – and touches one. A section of wall slides back . . .

. . . revealing the original nurse. Noting the white cuff on her arm, the Doctor closes the panel. Jenkins enters the waiting room and, drawing his gun, watches as the Doctor discovers the black and white arm cuffs.

He turns to the x-ray, and the cables connecting it to the couches. Outside, Jenkins hides his gun as an elderly lady enters – as does the Doctor, who tells her that he's now "off duty" and that Jenkins will attend to her.

As the Doctor returns to Air Traffic Control, Jean makes a sudden 'recovery'; the nurse leaves. The Doctor shows off the arm cuffs, venturing that someone in the room could explain what they are – but Meadows is off duty.

While a stewardess reminds passengers to return their postcards, Sam searches her bag for her ticket. "Have you found your ticket yet?" asks the stewardess. "I seem to have lost it somewhere," replies Sam.

Spencer watches from the office while Sam learns that 'S Briggs' has checked in. "Jamie," she curses, demanding that he is stopped. The stewardess says that the flight cannot be held up – but Spencer makes a call.

Answering the phone, the stewardess informs Sam that her ticket has been found; Sam asks who found it. "I can't tell you, but our manager would like to see you," replies the stewardess, directing Sam to the office.

"You wanted to see me?" asks Sam, walking into the office. The seated pilot spins around, revealing his identity; she gasps. "You won't escape again," states Spencer . . .

As Blade receives take-off clearance, the Doctor asks the Commandant how high fighters can go these days. "Oh, ten miles plus," the Commandant replies confidently. "How futile," responds the Doctor.

The nose of the Chameleon Tours plane tilts up towards the sky.

Gracefully it climbs, its undercarriage retracting.

Jean receives a call from RAF Manston, and passes the phone to the Commandant. "The Chameleon flight's just taken off," he announces. "They're on Amber One, at flight level two-one-zero."

Armed with this information, the RAF jet climbs after its target.

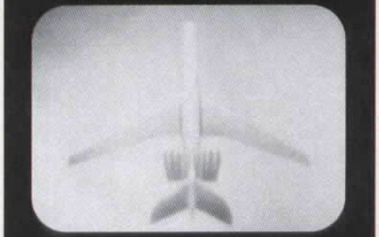
Jamie looks decidedly unwell as the stewardess hands out the in-flight meals. "Are you all right?" she asks. Jamie says that he'll be fine – but the sight of his neighbour eating sends him bolting to the rear of the plane.

As the plane passes out of Gatwick's control zone, the RAF pilot reports that he has the Chameleon flight in visual range – and he is following at a height of 10,000 feet. "So far, so good," remarks the Commandant.

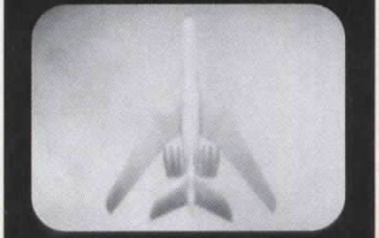
In the cockpit, Blade notes that something is following them: "It's a fighter . . . Give me a radar reading." "Two-three, decimal seven-nine," replies the stewardess. Blade manipulates the controls on a panel . . .

A blinding light strikes the fighter pilot; he slumps forward. Out of control, the plane starts to arc towards the ground.

Watching the radar trace, the Commandant realises that the fighter has crashed. As he instructs Jean to contact the RAF, the Doctor notes that the other plane has stopped moving. "It's crashing, too," guesses the Commandant.



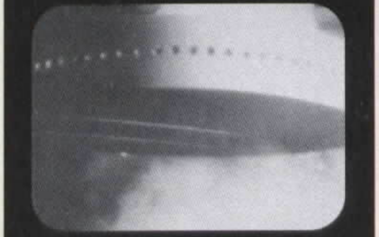
Stationary, the Chameleon Tours plane hangs above the world. And slowly . . .



. . . its wings retract. In a now empty cabin, the stewardess collects something from each seat. Blade points out a disparity in the number of passports needed for the next flight to Earth. She notes that Jamie's seat is vacant.

Jean reports that Air-Sea Rescue has yet to find any wreckage of the planes. The Commandant explains that when a radar trace is still, the plane is headed straight down. "What about straight up?" counters the Doctor.

The Commandant dismisses his suggestion; a plane would have to climb vertically to height of 100 miles before it vanished from the radar. "The darn thing would be in outer space," he snaps. "Exactly," says the Doctor.



The transformed aircraft glides effortlessly out of Earth's atmosphere – and towards a large conical satellite . . .

Compiled by Matthew Pereira

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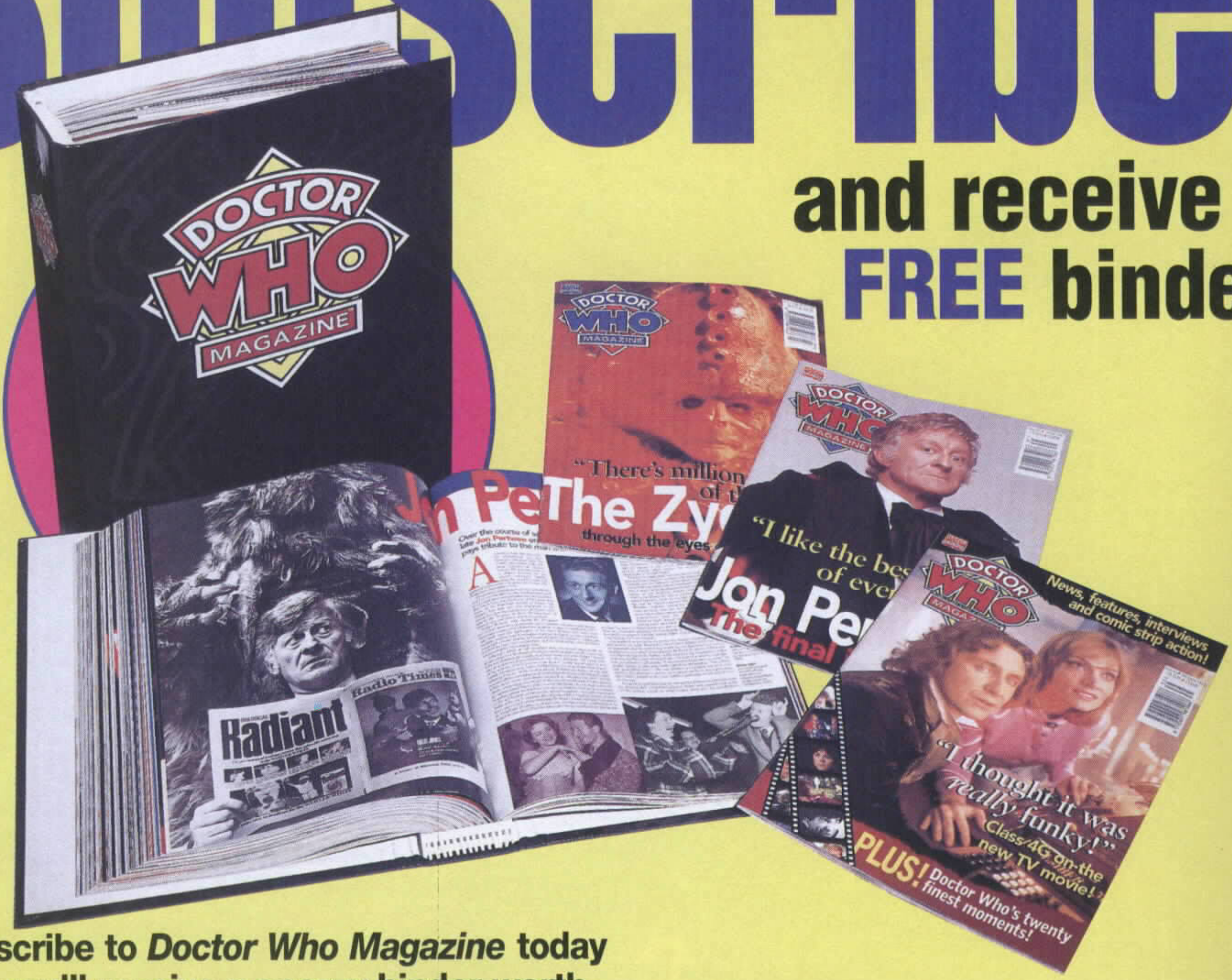
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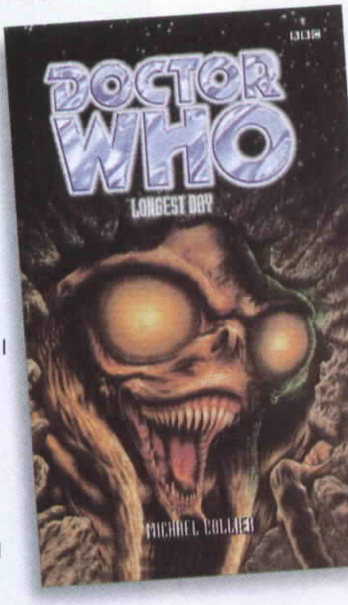
Shelf Life

In which all eight Doctors get to enjoy the briefest of outings

And **Dave Owen** whiles away the hours on the longest journey of his life

DOCTOR WHO: LONGEST DAY

Novel BBC Books **Author** Michael Collier **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor and Sam **RRP** £4.99
ISBN 0 563 40580 5 **Available** Now



Few titles have ever rung quite so true with me as that of Michael Collier's *Doctor Who* debut, which I chose to read while flying from London, England to Dallas, USA on what was both literally the longest day of my life – with 30 rather than the normal 24 hours passing between midnights – and figuratively so. For on a ten-hour flight I failed to finish the book, which was so turgid that it has inspired me to coin a brand new antisuperlative: 'putdownable'.

Like a plane journey, *Longest Day* begins with more excitement than it will later deliver. Its setting, the planet Hirath, is temporally unstable; different zones on the planet exist in different time periods. The scenario will be familiar to anyone who has enjoyed Fred Hoyle's clever novel *October the First is Too Late*. There, different periods in Earth's history interact, but Hirath is a barren world, the only occupants being prisoners incarcerated by the temporal isolation – just like those in Robert Silverberg's award-winning story *Hawksbill Station*. I feel no qualms about making such allusions to great science fiction; the author himself does so by having the Doctor refer to Olaf Stapledon's *The Machine Stops*.

***Longest Day* is so turgid that I have invented a new word for it: 'putdownable'**

Sadly, allusion is not the same thing as emulation, and reminding the seasoned reader of such earlier triumphs only emphasises *Longest Day*'s paucity of diverting situations. An initial psychodrama between the three supervisors orbiting the planet and an excellent character sketch of both the Doctor and Sam soon give way to a tedious overdose of *alienpolitik*, with the significance of developments among the indistinguishable complement of not-quite-characters being lost as one struggles to tell apart the barely outlined locales.

Only in the *New Adventures Time's Crucible* and *The Dimension Riders* have I felt simultaneously so bored and confused before. As I sped over the Atlantic, and my own body clock shifted, each page seemed heavier – and I marvelled that despite my own disorienting passage through time and space I could feel no empathy whatsoever with Michael Collier's characters, who were undergoing exactly the same. (At least I wasn't simultaneously ageing to death and regressing to childhood as they do, but it might have provided some welcome distraction.)

Longest Day becomes irredeemable with the arrival of a race of warlike identical aliens called the Kusks, who look like something you'd scrape off your shoe and address their leader as "leader". The complete lack of any well-signposted story development or measurable progression from one situation to another means that it is impossible for me to say what the middle of the book is actually about. It does, however, clearly belong in the current range of *Doctor Who* fiction; the VW Beetle (from *Vampire Science*, I think) that the Doctor keeps in the TARDIS reappears, and an index of the sheer meaninglessness of *Longest Day* is the way that the reader can seize upon the reappearance of a device as ludicrous as the Time Trees (from *Genocide* – you pluck their berries and they take you back in time) as a reassuring and understandable presence.

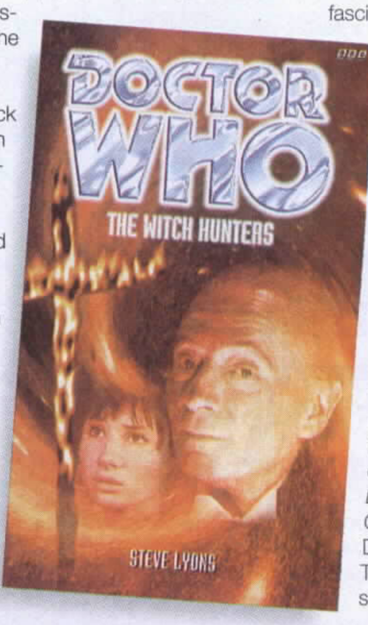
My air journey got a bit more exciting towards the end, as they tend to. So does *Longest Day* when both Doctor and author get their acts together, both explaining what's been going on and setting the scene for the next few books – for at the climax an admittedly well-realised Sam departs alone, thinking the Doctor dead. I felt the same kind of relief that comes when the 'fasten seatbelts' sign goes off as I turned the last page. Although both *The Eight Doctors* and *War of the Daleks* were seriously flawed, both were like witnessing an air crash, inspiring a certain compulsion to keep reading and see what would be done next to *Doctor Who*. *Longest Day*'s greatest flaw is that it is dull – so much so that it is the first real failure in BBC Books' *Doctor Who* range.

DOCTOR WHO: THE WITCH HUNTERS

Novel BBC Books **Author** Steve Lyons **Featuring** The First Doctor, Susan, Ian and Barbara **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 40579 1 **Available** Now

Were I compiling a guidebook for eccentric time travellers (*Let's Go – Everywhere*, for example) I would be careful to point out that taking particular companions to certain points in space and time would be inadvisable at the very least. Self-professed "mouth on legs" Tegan Jovanka would be instantly imperilled in the noble court of Draconia, where women are not permitted to speak. Likewise, cosmic Artful Dodger Adric would soon find himself with ten less fingers to count on were his kleptomania for comestibles to be let loose upon the marketplace of old Baghdad. And only a senile moron would transport his latently telepathic and frequently hysterical teenage granddaughter to Salem, Massachusetts in 1692, where many young innocents were hanged as witches. Nevertheless, that is exactly what the Doctor does in *The Witch Hunters*, a situation which makes for Steve Lyons' most moving work to date.

The setting did not inspire me initially, thanks to memories of a truly wretched school production of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* I squirmed through years ago. Miller's play uses the Salem Witch Trials as an allegory for Senator McCarthy's so-called witch-hunt of Communists in the fifties; Steve, quite rightly, sees that the setting is interesting in itself. Perhaps because I had just arrived in the New World myself, the lifestyle of the Puritan colonists of Salem seemed fascinating. This is no Dennis Spooner, Donald Cotton or Gareth Roberts work of whimsy. Ian and Barbara are forced to pose as man and wife, working long hours in the fields and attending unendurably long prayer meetings to pass as settlers.



There is a long tradition for pulling in prejudiced SF-only readers to historical *Doctor Who* novels, stretching from David Whitaker's establishing preface to *Doctor Who and the Crusaders* right up to David A McIntee's TARDIS escape pod scene at the start of

Sanctuary. *The Witch Hunters* interweaves its SF themes more deeply by using the TARDIS' Fast Return switch (seen on screen in *Inside The Spaceship*), which transports what is referred to throughout as The Ship back to its previous resting point. This makes for some memorable situations; after leaving Salem, the Doctor is able to take Susan to the opening night of *The Crucible* in Bristol in 1954 (there really is no fool like an old fool – what is the conceivable value of showing Susan a dramatisation of her friends being executed?) while Ian and Barbara contemplate the younger versions of themselves a hundred miles away. Returning to the staple themes of *Doctor Who*'s debut season is a recipe for instant success – so having Ian and Barbara ponder the irony of being so near yet so far from home, for example, or stumbling upon a morally ambiguous Doctor apparently ready to take The Ship off into the vortex without them, works well here for the same reasons it did in 1963. This book is a reminder that *Doctor Who* had a great format before anyone tinkered with it.

As if sobered by the tragedy he is describing, Steve's writing achieves a maturity and poignancy he has never before demonstrated. There is absolutely no room for shallow frivolity here. When Barbara emerges from The Ship, sees that the Fast Return mechanism has failed, and believes that she will never see Ian again, her weeping has the effect on the reader of a relative's tears at a funeral. Steve's prose excels, too; in describing Ian's suffering in prison, he adopts a documentary-style present tense to great effect. It comes as no surprise to read in the afterword that the author has done his homework, going so far as to visit the location. I will certainly be following some of the pointers in his bibliography.

All I can possibly recommend more strongly than *The Witch Hunters* is going out to cheer yourself up after reading it. Spellbinding.

DOCTOR WHO: SHORT TRIPS – A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES

Anthology BBC Books **Editor** Stephen Cole
Featuring The Eight Doctors **RRP** £4.99
ISBN 0 563 40560 0 **Available** Now

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Doctor Who short fiction is undeniably more reminiscent of fan fiction than full-length novels purely by virtue of its brevity. It can serve a different goal than longer forms, simply and quickly reminding the reader of a particular set of regular characters rather than having to create whole new worlds over hundreds of pages. (*Shelf Life* is tempted to observe that short fiction feeds more vampirically than novels on the television series, too – but, given the slew of sequels in BBC Books' output of the last year, won't.)

The stories in *Short Trips* are variously engaging, creaky, moving, bleak and darkly comedic

The anthology is book-ended by a pair of Eighth Doctor stories which illustrate the polarisation of styles between sketch and saga in the set as a whole. Jonathan Blum's *Model Train Set* uses the Doctor's manipulation of his railway layout in the TARDIS as a satire on the way the Time Lord has changed signals and nudged points to divert actions in the real world. In *The People's Temple* by Paul Leonard, it is a Neolithic King who is manipulating the little people of Stonehenge, in what feels like a satellite novella to the author's own *Genocide*. *Model Train Set* simply draws the Doctor, whereas *The People's Temple* tells a story in which he is mainly a mechanism for delivering Sam to the setting.

The same dichotomy divides the Seventh Doctor stories, both by the *Illegal Alien* team of Tucker and Perry. *Stop the Pigeon* reads like a textually-rendered graphic novel, with a future London setting creaking towards unbelievability as too many ingredients are thrown into the pot. By contrast, *Ace of Hearts* is a simple, focused and short picture of this Doctor following his conscience for once.

I like fiction which gives the Sixth Doctor depth and motivation beyond the Technicolor veneer of his transmitted appearances. Guy Clapperton's *Wish You Were Here* doesn't do this, but captures him perfectly. The story is as reminiscent of the mid-Atlantic blockbuster-inspired settings of mid-eighties **Doctor Who Monthly** strips as the first part of Christopher Bulis' *The Ultimate Treasure* was – and it is just as unbearable, rescued only by its darkly comedic ending.

In Daniel O'Mahony's *The Parliament of Rats*, the Fifth Doctor and Nyssa find themselves in a setting which is as bleak and hard to understand as those in the author's novels; the common fan fiction technique of juxtaposing diverse elements from the series eventually provides a recognisable explanation for the story. Unlike the rest of Daniel's work, it is short enough for *Shelf Life* to give it the re-reading it possibly deserves (and probably requires).

The Fourth Doctor gets three stories. He appears with Romana in *Glass*, a sequel to *Shada* which works as both sketch and story; we become interested in the narrator's life, but also observe the Time Lords through her human eyes. It's gripping because it illustrates something often ignored in *Doctor Who* – ordinary people's trauma in experiencing the unimaginable. It's through Sarah Jane's eyes that we experience both Paul Grice's *Grim Rights*, an unrelentingly direct depiction of foetal experimentation, and Paul Magrs' wonderful *Old Flames*, in which both the Doctor and the story are rather more cheerful. It's an engaging portrait of the Doctor meeting another wanderer at an 18th century society ball.

Steve Lyons' *Freedom* ties in well with the forthcoming video release of *The Mind of Evil*, returning to Stangmoor Prison and adding weight to the UNIT era in the same way that both *Who Killed Kennedy?* and *The Face of the Enemy* did.

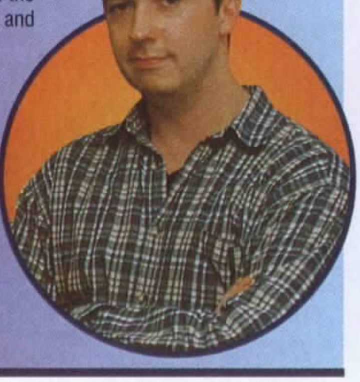
Just as *The People's Temple* seems like a cutting from the author's novel, so too Matthew Jones' *Mother's Little Helper* embodies in a nutshell the themes of his own *Bad Therapy*; like *Glass*, it contains a vivid personal portrait of the Doctor. The Second Doctor also appears fleetingly at the end of *War Crimes*, Simon Bucher-Jones' extrapolation that those abducted to fight in *The War Games* may not all have been human.

Sam Lester's *There are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden* leads the First Doctor and Dodo through a pointless restatement of the unsubtle parable of *Galaxy 4*. And for those whose appetite for Ian and Barbara's agonising over changing history isn't already sated by *The Witch Hunters*, Evan Pritchard's informative and moving *The Last Days* will be perfect.

Of course, it is the contributions combining sketch and story which stand up best by themselves – but this is a collection, and those which lean to one extreme support one another. And so my favourite entry is *Mondas Passing* by Paul Grice – which doesn't feature the Doctor, but simply has Ben and Polly meeting clandestinely 20 years after their adventures together. In a few short pages, it reminds me why I like *Doctor Who* so much, and also how creative fans can make it even more rewarding. **DWM**

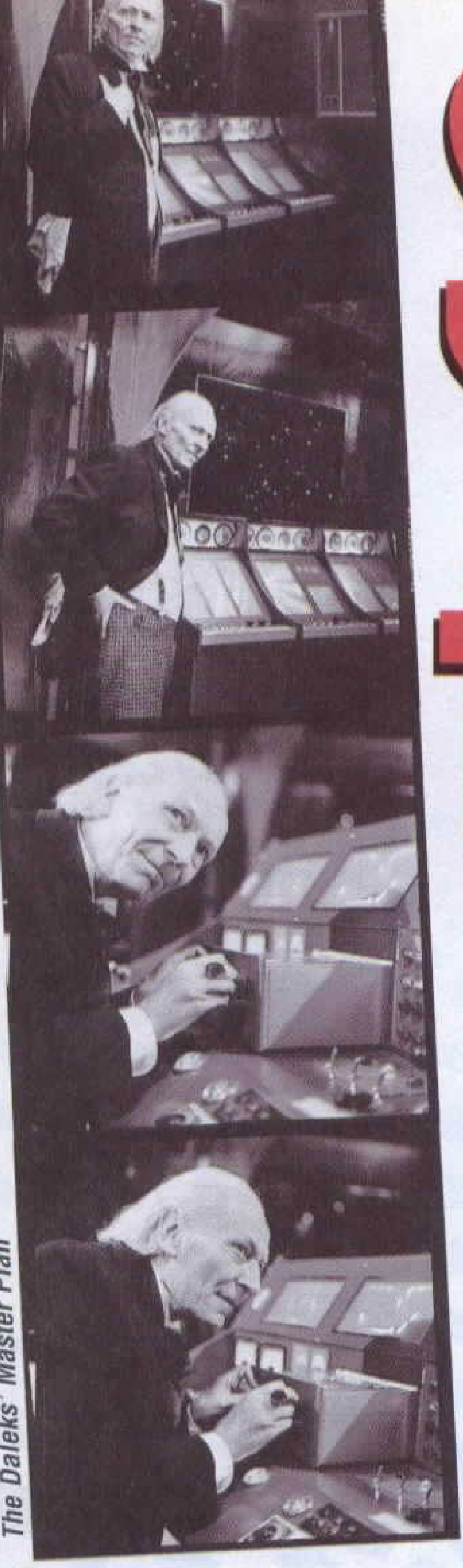
Talking Books Stephen Cole

I think that *Short Trips*' shorter sketches are far more effective than its longer stories. Why not have more of them?
I didn't want to feel like a lot of 'brief encounters' were creeping in. As long as there's a good mix of lengths and content I'm happy.
Why didn't you go for a theme running through the stories?
I wanted *Short Trips* to be as different as possible to the *Decalogs*, a fresh start. Besides, I think one should strive for diversity in a collection – celebrate the fact that you can do anything and go anywhere lots and lots of times through 350 pages. I feel sometimes a theme can stop you enjoying the ride.
Will *Short Trips II* follow similar ground?
If this one goes down well, I see the next volume following similar ground but hopefully in a different way. Maybe with even more stories in it than this one!



Speak of the Devil

Long before overseeing *The Sea Devils*, one of *Doctor Who*'s best-remembered serials, Michael E Briant spent his TV apprenticeship fetching and carrying for First Doctor William Hartnell. "Directors like me were little rebels!" he tells Peter Griffiths . . .



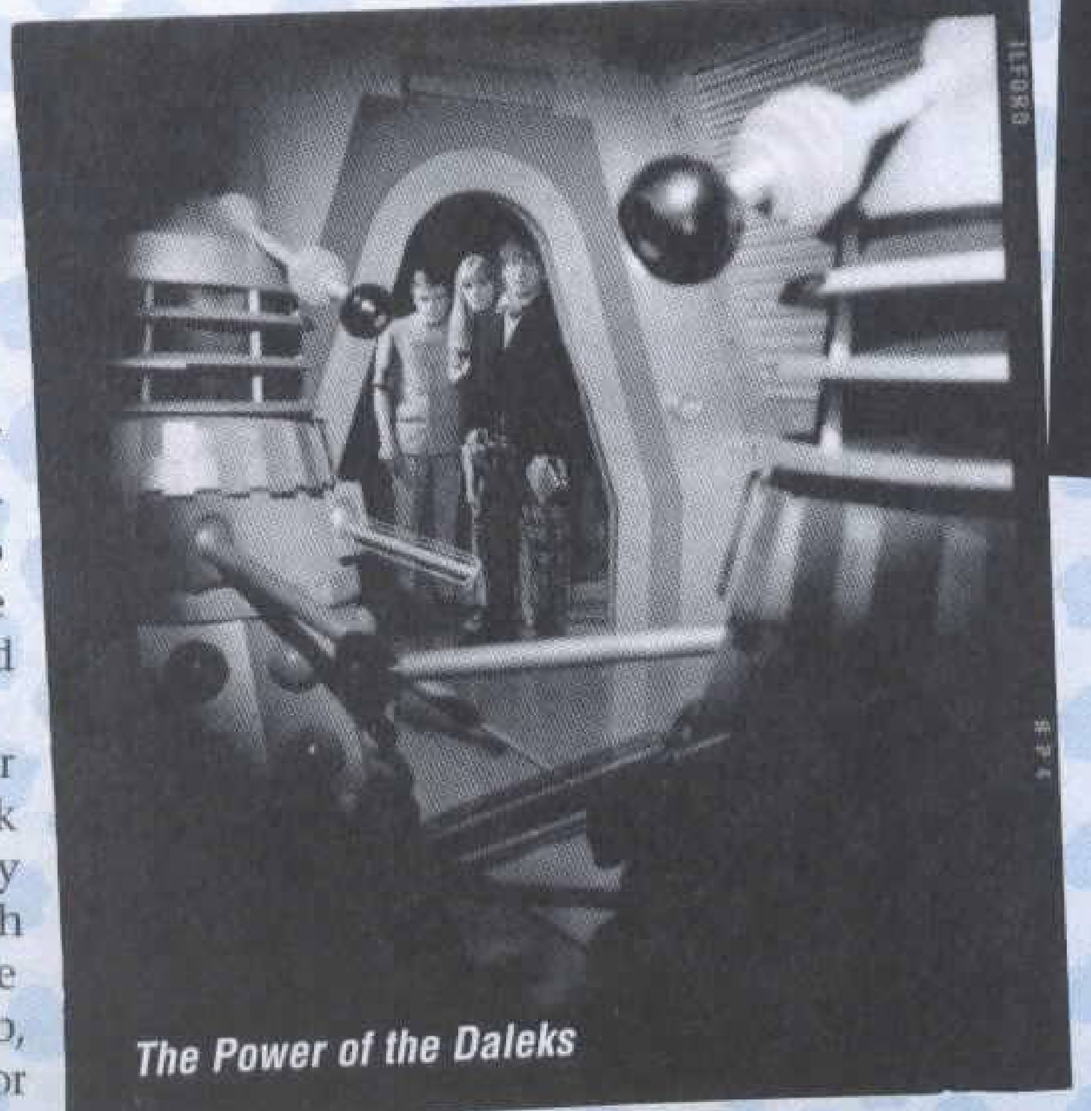
The Daleks' Master Plan

Tracking down director Michael E Briant proved no simple matter. Various sources suggested he was living on a house boat in the Mediterranean, or working in the Netherlands, or directing a series 'up north'. As it turned out, all of these were true at one time or another – but when **DWM** caught up with Michael, he was indeed renting a house in Amsterdam, having been invited to set up a drama series for Dutch television. The combination of chatting with one of *Doctor Who*'s most highly-regarded directors and enjoying a weekend of continental attractions proved way too tempting, and so one very cold Sunday morning in early December, your interviewer knocked on the door of a comfortable little house situated, naturally, by a canal.

"I went to drama school when I was 12," explains Michael, setting down a very welcome pot of coffee. "I'd had polio when I was 11 and I was a reasonable academic failure, so my parents didn't mind. I was a relatively successful child actor from 12 to 17, doing TV and movies, but around 17 you have to stop that and become a grown-up actor, which is harder. I worked in rep and became a proper assistant stage manager, then a stage manager and company manager.

"One of the last things I did as an actor was *Billy Bunter*. I thought, 'I just don't think I'm good enough,' and as I was enjoying my stage managing, I went for a three-month contract when BBC2 was starting up. Those three months became a permanent job, though I had no great desire to be a director at that point. I did a lot of classical stuff at the BBC, including production managing a 10-part version of *Les Miserables* when I was 22 – I came back from a holiday in France to be told we'd be shooting there for three weeks. We ended up in a fort on the Isle of Wight, of course, but it was magic stuff. We did one 23-hour day! These days you'd have ten assistant directors."

Just five weeks into his contract at the BBC, Michael was allocated a *Doctor Who* story. The series had been running for two years. "My memory of *Doctor Who* in the business was that it was never thought of badly. It wasn't held in any great esteem, but it was felt to be a quality children's show. It wasn't a bad job to go and do. An awful lot of people like [fellow production manager] Chris D'Oyly-John and I would swap between a classic serial and a *Doctor Who* each year, and that was fine . . ."



The Power of the Daleks

Under director Douglas Camfield, and alongside Viktors Ritelis, Michael was production assistant on *The Daleks' Master Plan*, the epic 12-part story bridging 1965 and 1966. "One of the episodes was a send up of Hollywood, as I recall. It was a great story, and a great team. We all worked very well together. Vik was a clever guy, such a nice man, Lithuanian by birth, and Dougie and I were quite good friends. As a director, he was very certain about what he wanted. I ended up being a little bit like him, making lists. When we were both directors later on, I used to go around claiming I was just a hack director, and Dougie would get very angry with me, insisting I couldn't say that sort of thing. He didn't believe in happy families on set. He didn't want people following him because he was a nice or amusing guy, he wanted people following him because he said what would happen and it would work. That was his philosophy.

"We used to rehearse for *Doctor Who* in the London Transport staff hall opposite the Television Centre. Bill Hartnell was a bit of a star, and he used to have his own chair. He was always complaining about his chair – it was never comfortable enough, or the other actors would come and sit in it. He would march up and say, 'Go and tell that actor that is my chair!' One of the assistant stage managers found the most uncomfortable chair he could, one with the bottom falling out of it, and stuck a sign on it labelling it as Bill Hartnell's chair, so Bill had to sit on it all through rehearsal because it was exclusively his!

"Bill had come from features and *The Army Game*, so he was quite an important actor in television at that stage. He was hard-nosed, bad tempered and difficult, and I thought he was great! He expected people to do the job, and wasn't into the big happy family bit either. He was just a working actor. He ticked me off once, actually. The director couldn't get a shot, and I asked Bill why he didn't just press another knob to make the TARDIS take off. He said, 'For God's sake, how long have you been working on this series? You know perfectly well it won't fly unless you press that and that first!' All the controls on the front of the console were jelly moulds. Only the central bit worked, moving up and down with compressed air."

Michael recalls one anecdote about William Hartnell which is quite revealing of the television industry at the time. "I remember taking a phone call for Bill. He was being asked to open something in Birmingham. I was running backwards and forwards doing this deal for him, and eventually he said, 'Well, if they'll pick me up, drive to Birmingham, drop me back and pay me *x* – which was some enormous amount of money – I'll do it. Otherwise, I can't be bothered.' This just amazed me since we were all so poor in those days. I couldn't believe people lived like this. The sort of money he was talking about and yet wasn't concerned whether he did the job or not left me speechless."

Despite the disparities, Michael maintains that the BBC of the time was a brilliant place to work. "I never went to university, but I imagine it was just like going to university, except that you were being paid and you were surrounded by some very gifted professionals. It was just magic. We had such adventures doing it, such fun, and it was never work. You just couldn't wait to get in there in the morning and get on with your next production. There were so many talented people. Chris D'Oyly-John was a very nice man, an archetypal BBC person, but with enough humour and intellect to know that it wasn't to be taken too seriously. We were lucky to be there . . .

"Now it's just not like that. When I go back and work for the BBC now, I don't find it a happy place. It doesn't look after people. It owes them –

BBC [6] BBC Video [1]

The Daleks' master plan nears its fruition . . .

not freelancers like me, but people like Chris. He worked there most of his life for long hours and lousy money. I've always found ITV a nicer group of people. The companies usually have a sort of paternal feeling for their employees which the BBC absolutely doesn't. Don't forget that the people who work at these ITV companies are all ex-BBC. The BBC trained them, and it's sad to look to where the next generation comes from."

Michael's next engagement on *Doctor Who* was again with Daleks, on Patrick Troughton's debut story *The Power of the Daleks*. "It was all swamps and things. I remember working with Graeme Harper [later a popular director himself] at Riverside Studios. I was the production manager and he was the ASM. Chris Barry was the director, Innes Lloyd was the producer, and the Head of Drama was the late Sydney Newman. *Doctor Who* was quite an important show, enough for Sydney to take quite an interest in when they were casting the new Doctor. He said, 'We're, ah, looking for this, ah, tramp of the universe.' They cast Pat, then got him in with Innes, myself and Chris Barry, who kept his head down. We had a costume specially made for Pat, a variation on the Hartnell outfit with a fancy waistcoat and a stovepipe hat, and we paraded Pat with his recorder up and down in front of Sydney. Well, Sydney said, 'Jesus, guys, what are you thinking of?' He stood there and berated everybody. I remember going up to the bar afterwards with Innes, and the two of us having rather a lot of whisky. Everyone had been told that the concept was totally wrong, but no-one had been given a different direction to go in. I remember it very clearly. There was panic."

One of the visual demands of the story was to boost the Dalek numbers beyond the three working props available. "Chris Barry wanted shots of roomfuls of Daleks, so as there wasn't any money, we had 50 black-and-white photographs made up and mounted on cardboard and stands. A Dalek never stands still, so there was me and some prop men hiding behind these Daleks with bits of string to tweak them! We made one Dalek bubble up, and its head came off with foam and sparks. I got into terrible trouble for getting water on the floor at Ealing film studios. We also went to Woolworths and bought all of these baby Daleks, modified them to make them more accurate and stuck them on bits of card and pulled them across the screen for the conveyer belt sequence. It was all done on the 35mm film equipment the BBC inherited when they took over Ealing studios in the fifties."

Michael has clear memories of *Fury from the Deep*, his final *Doctor Who* before becoming a director. "I remember it as the helicopters one. It was quite a big production. The story had almost been written around this foam product which was very cheap, just needing one machine, a packet of their fairy liquid and a lot of fresh water. We were down at Margate doing this crazy foam coming out of oil rigs. Hugh David, the director, decided to have the TARDIS land on the sea, and the rubber dinghy that they rode ashore in was my idea.

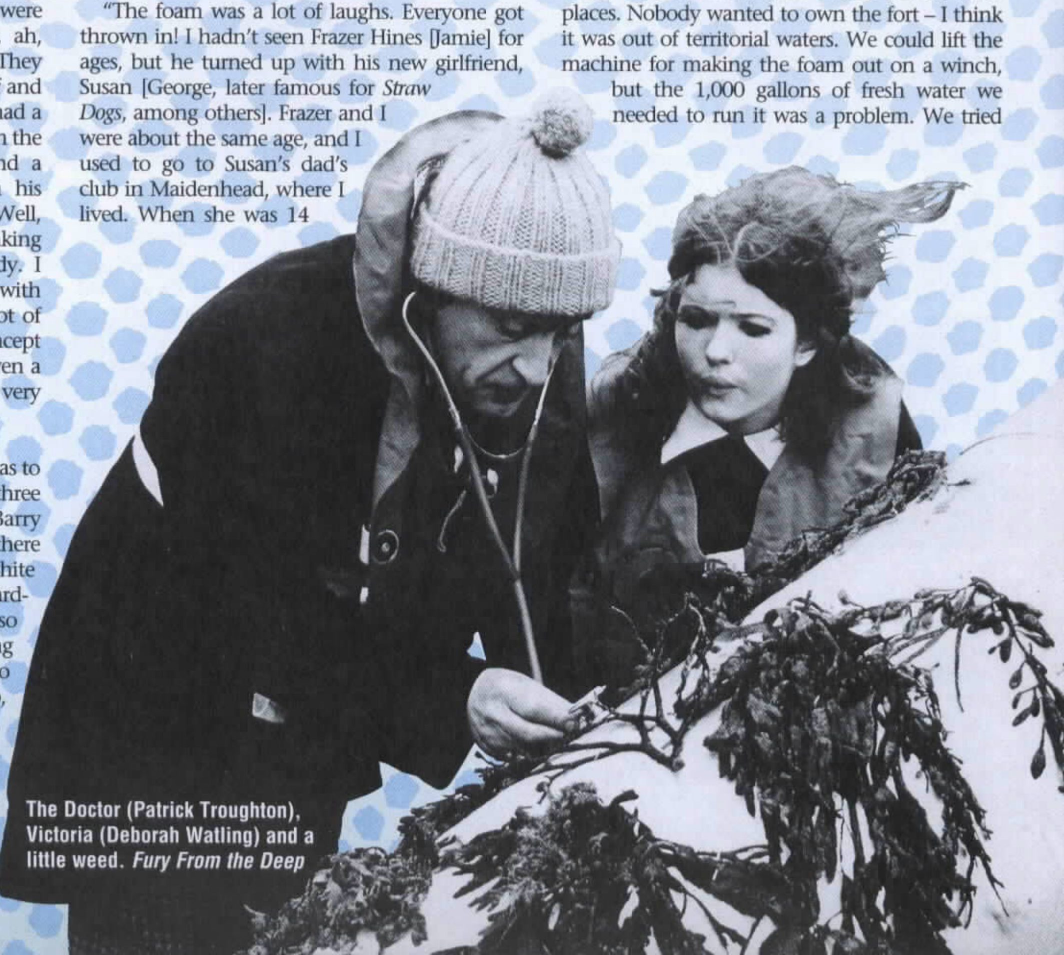
"Doctor Who wasn't held in any great esteem at the BBC. It was felt to be a children's show"

"It was cold and wet while we were filming on the beach. I would say that Hugh 'let' me do some filming, but we had so much to shoot that he didn't have any choice! I did one lot of stuff for him, very much under his direction, with the girl companion, Debbie Watling, at a pipeline. Having worked on a lot of classic serials where the look of the artist was very important, I was concerned because the rain and fog were coming in, and her hair was all over the place.

"The foam was a lot of laughs. Everyone got thrown in! I hadn't seen Frazer Hines [Jamie] for ages, but he turned up with his new girlfriend, Susan [George, later famous for *Straw Dogs*, among others]. Frazer and I were about the same age, and I used to go to Susan's dad's club in Maidenhead, where I lived. When she was 14 she was this awful little girl who used to come and say to me, 'Oh, I'm an actress too!' I'd say, 'I've got this gorgeous girl with me, and I've come to your Dad's club 'cause it's a really cool place, so just go away!' Anyway, Frazer turned up with this girl, who was now 19 or 20 and absolutely devastatingly beautiful. I felt very silly."

The aforementioned helicopters and a location at sea played a key role in the climax of *Fury from the Deep*, in which the Doctor and Jamie follow Robson and the captive Victoria out to a sea fort. They also stretched the budget. "Somehow there was almost enough money for the helicopters. I spent most of my time negotiating with Air Gregory at Denham to get them for a price we could afford and still be able to do what we wanted them to do – one of which was to fly between the legs of an oil rig. We shot from another helicopter, and it was very dangerous to do. Mike, the pilot, was really high when he came back. The other guy, who was a British Airways pilot, was going, 'Bloody hell!'

"I was always trying to negotiate the deal tighter on *Doctor Who*. We had to film on these rigs, but after phoning around it became quite clear that no rig was going to let us go on it. I then remembered these forts in the Thames estuary, which Hugh approved, so we rented a little plane from Air Gregory as part of the deal and flew around half a dozen of them. The fort we eventually chose was locked, so we had to go out by air again and land on it. We trotted over all the gantries and explored it – it used to be a little radio station. I phoned up the Ministry, but they didn't want to know about it, so I tried various other places. Nobody wanted to own the fort – I think it was out of territorial waters. We could lift the machine for making the foam out on a winch, but the 1,000 gallons of fresh water we needed to run it was a problem. We tried



The Doctor (Patrick Troughton), Victoria (Deborah Watling) and a little weed. *Fury From the Deep*

BBC [3] BBC Video [2]

Colony in Space

The Doctor (Jon Pertwee) navigates a minefield. *The Sea Devils*

various ways before settling on the help of some fishermen, whom we just had to trust to do it.

"That night we went back to the hotel in Margate, and I was there with just the crew. Mike the helicopter pilot ordered a crate of champagne and two bottles of brandy, and we all drank his health. I began to get a bit BBC and say, 'C'mon guys, this is a hotel, we've got to consider the other people here,' but he pulled me over backwards and said, 'Oh piss off. Look at that chandelier on the ceiling. I've never swung from a chandelier.' He was up on the table in a moment, flew through the air and swung on the chandelier – and it fell out of the roof. There was this poor pilot sitting on the floor covered in dirt and this hole in the ceiling!"

For three years, this was to be Michael's abiding memory of *Doctor Who*. He graduated to part-time directing, and worked on four episodes of the soap opera *The Newcomers* and some *Z Cars*. "I was in the curious situation of still being on staff. I would be a floor manager for part of the year, then direct for a couple of months. I knew Barry Letts, the new producer on *Doctor Who*, because we all worked on the same floor of Threshold House in Shepherds Bush, and in 1970 he approached me to direct a six-part story, *Colony in Space*."

Was a technical series like *Doctor Who* tough for a young director? "I thought it was a big challenge. I was 23 or 24, and I used to drive home at night thinking, 'I just can't do it!' You just had ideas, and your experience told you whether it was a valid idea or not. You were doing effects which people had not done before, but if it went wrong, it didn't matter. Of course they are from another era of television, but back then they excited me."

Colony in Space called, unsurprisingly, for location work in a quarry, doubling for the planet Uxarieus. It wasn't the last time Michael would shoot in a quarry, but this first time presented him with some of those big challenges. "We needed to find quite a large location, bigger than your average quarry. We needed the domes, and some tracks, and room for people to run around in those jeeps, which came from Sweden and were called Haflingers or something. We ended up down in the China clay pits in Cornwall, which I later returned to for *Death to the Daleks*. Designing the domes was quite fun, actually. They were just meant to be tents in the script, but the designer was quite good, and we ended up with these hexagonal shapes which would form houses of any size. I had this wonderful deep studio set built for the insides.

"We had fog, snow and rain all on one day in that damn quarry. It was an experience. We dropped a big rock down the cliff in one scene, but I'd said I didn't want it to bounce as I was sick of polystyrene rocks bouncing. So somebody put a stage weight in the middle of it, and when it hit the jeep, out came the weight and went crunch into the jeep! We also had to have this mining robot – agghh! It was too big and too heavy, and we couldn't make it move fast enough. I did the Cybermen later on, and they looked awful as well. Awful!"

One other thing that might be uncharitably described as 'awful' in *Colony in Space* is the modelwork. "Oh yeah, there were dreadful spaceships taking off, really bad stuff. I think I made the mistake of asking for too much. A percentage of money and time got allocated for models, but I asked for too much. The visual effects guys were great with their bangs and flashes, but the model work never got very good. Even the *Blake's 7* stuff I did later on wasn't very good.

"Two things really make me laugh about that story now. I had one scene in the studio where the colonists came in with some food in a plastic thing, and when it came out it was a steaming hot dinner. It was just a microwave, but at the time there was no such thing as microwaves! It wasn't even a concept. There was also a shot of the Master with a Chromakey wristwatch with a picture on it. That's within our technology now. It was meant to be just a radio thing in the script, but I thought, 'Come on, everyone will have pictures then!' Christopher Barry maintains that he and Ray Cusick created the Daleks, and I'm sure that's true. We all pushed back the frontiers. Directors like me got work because we were little rebels and had our own dreams and concepts."

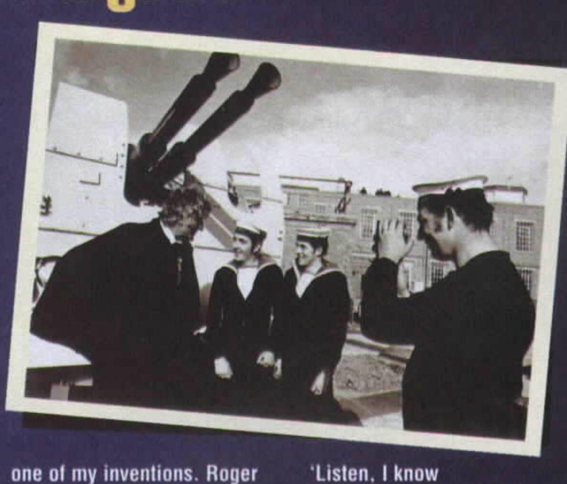
Mention of the Master prompts Michael to talk about the cast – among them regulars Jon Pertwee, Katy Manning and Roger Delgado. "I got on with Jon and Katy very well. I loved working with Jon. I wanted to make him look good, and he wanted to look good, so we never had a problem! Jon was absolutely never difficult to work with. He was a showman, whereas Roger was an actor. I always had great respect for Roger for intellectualising his part all the time. You couldn't talk to Jon in the same way as Roger.

"This was also the story in which I cast a woman as the baddie, Morgan, and she was actually paid for the job. Barry had agreed, but as soon as the Head of Department heard about it, that was it. He told me that women were not bad. 'This is a children's serial,' he said, 'and women are the mother figures!'"

Michael's work impressed the producer, and he was soon invited to direct the second story into production in the next season, *The Sea Devils*. One of the prime concerns of the production team was getting the look of the creatures themselves right: "They'd had the cousins of the

Getting the ratings . . .

***T**he Sea Devils* was an ambitious project requiring a lot of hardware and shooting at sea – something of a recipe for disaster. Luckily, its director had help on hand . . .



"The armed services will always help if they are shown in a good light," says Michael. "In those days, the armed services had nothing to do. There was no Northern Ireland or Bosnia, so you came along with a film unit and they were happy. That's why the story looked so good. The ship that was in charge of the flotilla was actually a gunboat, but it was shot fairly tight, so you couldn't see. The Navy supplied the nuclear submarine and torpedo launching shots, and blank rounds for us to use – they paid for it as an exercise – and we got a hovercraft free. I'd learned a lot about the locations from doing *Les Miserables*, and as I sail as well, I knew the area fairly well. The speedboat chase was one of my inventions. Roger Delgado was a very brave man – he couldn't swim and he was very afraid of the water, but he did it anyway."

The Navy connection led to an unfortunate incident when the production team replaced a propeller on the submarine model they'd bought from Woolworths – unwittingly duplicating a top secret one. "The propeller on the model looked ridiculous, so I said, 'Listen, I know what a real one looks like. They're single-screw vessels.' Visual Effects came up with a propeller from a Hoover or something, and we got it very nearly right! The Navy was not pleased. We had been in and out of Naval establishments an awful lot, we'd used their diving bell, and I'd been at the training school at Portsmouth, so it was possible that I'd seen the real thing . . ."

Surf's up: a fearsome Sea Devil takes a paddle

Sea Devils before, and it was felt that they hadn't looked very good. We worked very hard to find a look, and in fact they were based on turtles. The costume designer was a nice lady, and she worked hard to develop the blood vessels on the outside of this suit.

"In the end, when I got down to Portsmouth to shoot, I looked at these things and went, 'Yeah . . . they're naked!' A huge discussion ensued, and the costume designer rushed out and bought 500 yards of fishing net and stuck it on them. If you'd seen the whole thing, it would just have looked like a rubber suit, whereas this way you only saw the important bits. I was very keen that the Sea Devils were dressed. It was my responsibility not to put naked creatures on television at five o'clock in the evening!

"All of the creatures had to be six foot plus stuntmen, except for Stuart Fell, who was the small Sea Devil! Stuart was an ex-paratrooper, and every time he 'died' he would do backflips or somersaults or something. All the other stuntmen were saying, 'Stuart, stop it! You're not being paid for that!' I remember Stuart dressing up as Katy Manning to climb up the ladder to the fort."

"Jon Pertwee and Katy Manning had a very close working relationship"

The Sea Devils lives on in public memory for the shot at the end of Episode Three in which the creatures rise from the sea *en masse*. "That famous shot was quite difficult to do. Their helmets filled with air and then water, so they had to crouch down in the water and count, then come up together. I was quite pleased with them. When we went into their underwater base in the later episodes, I wanted a glass tank where you could see them swimming past, but we didn't have the money. It was all standard cave flats, so it didn't have any feeling of being an Atlantis. The money had gone on the locations."

With a second story complete, Michael was offered another *Doctor Who* – *The Green Death*, Season Ten's environmentally-friendly finale. "You were approached story-by-story. There was no agreement on a story a season or anything like that. Usually Barry Letts was so fed up with me by the time I'd finished, he was glad to see the back of me! Barry was a very good and possibly underrated producer. I'll always be grateful to him because he gave me the opportunity to do these shows. I enjoyed working with him – he was a very thoughtful, civilised guy who took it all seriously. He tried to do stories that had some basis in reality, in social events – that's why Barry's term was as good as it was. The ecological problem was what made *The Green Death* interesting. It's something we were concerned about then."

Nuthutch life: Nicholas Courtney, Stewart Bevan, Jon Pertwee and Katy Manning rehearse *The Green Death*

This six-part story of industrial waste and giant maggots called for a location a little further afield than most. Was moving the crew a distance ever a logistical problem? "It was set in a mining village in Wales, so it wasn't that far – out of Television Centre, turn right and keep going! It wasn't that different from going to Portsmouth for *The Sea Devils*. If you travel to a location, you lose half a day, including make-up and lunch. You'll only manage a couple of hours of shooting. Generally there was a travel day built into the schedules, so provided you could travel within eight hours – bearing in mind that a BBC lorry will travel at 22.4 miles per hour – you were OK. Taking the cast and crew away is wonderful. It's also the reason for semi-wrecked marriages in showbusiness! You stay in a nice hotel with no bills or no responsibilities. You work hard, but it's a very nice atmosphere, working and eating together."

The oversize, hissing maggots are another striking *Doctor Who* image. "I was pleased with them, especially as an effects exercise. Somehow I had a feeling that you shouldn't do effects in the same way all the time. People say, 'Oh yeah, it's Chromakey,' or, 'It's model work'. The maggots were required to do different things, so we did them in different ways. The concept was the same, but it changed according to whether we wanted walking maggots, biting maggots, or whatever. To get the maggots on 'real ground', we had to be able to get underneath, so we built a rostrum. I suspect that wasn't very successful. We even tried real maggots for the sludge pipe shots, but that wasn't very successful either. They didn't move very well. Too many maggots, too little pipe? I don't know."

The Green Death occupies an important part in the series' history because it sees the departure of a companion, Jo Grant. Michael affirms that the atmosphere on the set was sad, and occasionally tense. "I saw the commune as quite a real thing, so you needed to believe Cliff Jones was a hippy. I was having a lot of problems casting the part, and Katy had suggested her then-boyfriend early on, but I'd thought it wasn't a good idea in case the relationship went wrong. You give people small parts as favours, but not a lead role. I thought about and interviewed a lot of actors, but I really couldn't find anybody to play the part. It was getting quite close to production, and Barry said that maybe we should see Katy's boyfriend, Stewart Bevan. He came in, and he was right for it. It was probably a bad idea, though I suspect filming would have been very emotional anyway as I always felt we were very much like a family. I think it was Jon and Katy who were having problems. They had a very good, close working relationship. They were both very theatrical as well, real showbiz people, so they . . ."

Liked the drama?

"Of course. Yes." DWM

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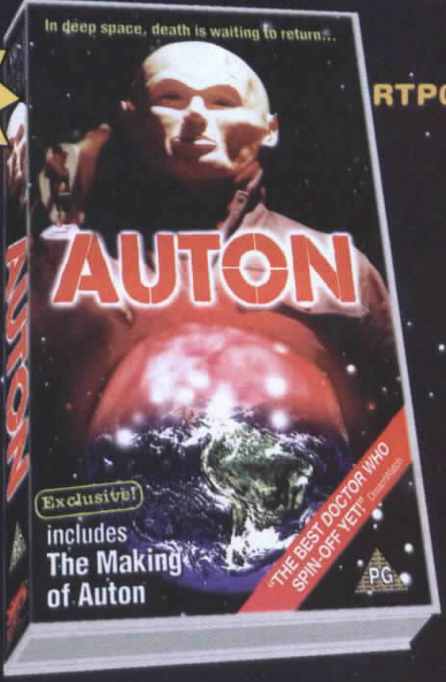
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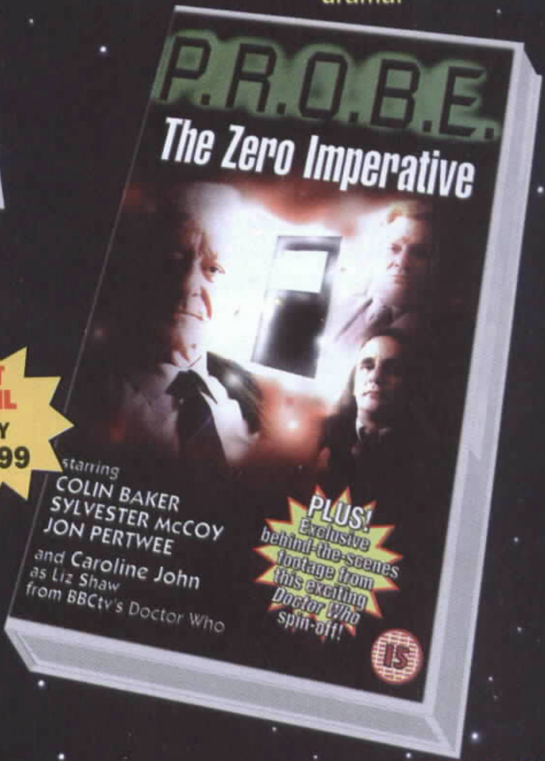
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